

M E M O I R S
OF THE YEAR
TWO THOUSAND
FIVE HUNDRED.

Le Temps present est gros de l'Avenir.

LEIBNITZ.

Translated from the French

By W. H O O P E R, M. D.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

V O L. I.

L O N D O N,

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MDCCLXXII.

AT THE O. R. S.

OF THE R. S. A.

TWO THOUSAND

THREE HUNDRED

AND SEVENTY



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE title of this work in the original is The Year Two Thousand Four Hundred and Forty; but as there appears no reason for fixing it to any particular year, we have, for the sake of a round number, called it The Year Two Thousand Five Hundred. It may be proper to add, that this is the only alteration made by the translator. Though the scene of this narrative lies in Paris, yet the reflections in general may be applied, by changing the names of places and persons, to almost all the capital cities of Europe. *Who the author of this work is, we will not pretend to determine; perhaps the reader will be satisfied with finding that he is a man of sense, of taste, and learning, of a lively imagination, a strong spirit of liberty, and, what is worth them all, a warm benevolence of heart.*

The notes in Italics are by the translator.

E R R A T A.

Page 14. line 1. for *will* read *you* ; line 2. after *you* read *will*. Page 89. line 2. after *bead* read *and*. Page 104. line 12. for *prelates* read *prelate*. Page 119. note, line 4. for *an* God read *that* God. Page 120. line 15. for *besides* read *benefices*. Page 148. line 5. for *their* read *the*. Page 213. line 8. for *your* read *our*.

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EPISTLE DEDICATORY

TO THE YEAR

Two Thousand Five Hundred.

AUGUST and venerable Year! thou who art to bring felicity upon the earth! thou, alas! that I have only in a dream beheld, when thou shalt rise from out the bosom of eternity, thy sun shall enlighten them who will tread upon my ashes, and upon those of thirty generations, successively cut off, and plunged in the profound abyss of death. The kings that now sit upon the throne shall be no more; their posterity shall be no more. Then shalt thou judge the departed monarch, and the writer who lived in subjection to his power. The names of the friends, the defenders of humanity, shall live and be honoured,

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a

their

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their glory shall be pure and radiant; but that vile herd of kings, who have been, in every sense, the tormentors of mankind, still more deeply plunged in oblivion than in the regions of death, can only escape from infamy by the favour of inanity.

THE thought survives the man, and forms his most glorious possession; the thought rises from his tomb, assumes an immutable body, becomes immortal. While the thunders of despotism fall and vanish, the pen of the writer, bounding over the interval of time, absolves or punishes the masters of the universe.

I HAVE exercised that authority which nature gave me; I have cited before my solitary reason the laws, the customs, and abuses of the country in which I have lived obscure and unknown. I have felt that virtuous hatred
which

EPISTLE DEDICATORY. vii

which is due to oppression from a being of humanity; I have detested, pursued with infamy, to the utmost of my power, opposed all tyranny. But, alas! August and Venerable Year, perhaps to little purpose, when contemplating thee, have I animated, exalted my ideas; they may appear in thy eyes the mere conceptions of servitude. Forgive me; the genius of my age surrounds and oppresses me. Stupidity now reigns; the tranquility of my country resembles that of the grave. I see nought around me but coloured carcases, who move and talk, but in whom the active principle of life has never produced the least emotion. Even now, the voice of philosophy, wearied and dejected, cries in the midst mankind as in the center of a boundless desert.

Oh! could I but divide the term of my existence, with what pleasure would

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I instantly descend to the grave ! with what joy should I part from the gloomy, wretched aspects of my contemporaries, to awake in the midst of those fair days that thou shalt bring forth ; that blissful period, when man shall have regained his courage, his liberty, his independence, and his virtue ! How happy, could I but behold thee otherwise than in a dream ! Haste ! thou age so desired, thou object of my earnest wishes ! Come, and pour down happiness upon the earth ! But what do I say ? Delivered from the illusions of a pleasing dream, I fear, alas ! I fear, that thy sun is more like to cast a gloomy light on a formless mass of ashes, and of ruins.

CON-

M E M O I R S

OF THE YEAR

Two Thousand Five Hundred.

I N T R O D U C T I O N.

THAT all should be well is the wish of the philosopher. By that term, which doubtless has been abused, I mean that sagacious and virtuous being, who desires the general happiness, in consequence of those determinate ideas of order and harmony that he entertains. Evil is disgusting to the sight of the wise man; he therefore declaims against it: he is accused of ill-nature; but wrongfully: he knows that evil abounds on the earth; but, at the same time, he has constantly present to his mind that beautiful and striking perfection, which might, and which ought to result from the conduct of a rational being.

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B

IN

IN effect, what should prevent us from hoping, that, after running round the wide-extended circle of their follies, guided by their passions, men, jaded and disgusted, may not return to the pure lights of reason? Why may not the human race resemble an individual? Touchy, hasty, thoughtless, in youth; gentle, patient, prudent, in age(*a*). The man who argues thus imposes on himself the duty of being just.

BUT do we know what is perfection? Can it appertain to a weak and limited being? Is it not that great secret hid from us by the present life? Must we not put off mortality ere we can comprehend that sublime enigma?

IN the mean time, let us endeavour to render this life tolerable; or, if that be too much,

(*a*) Was this world created merely for that small number of men who now inhabit the surface of the earth? What are all the beings that ever existed, in comparison of those that God can create? Other generations will behold the same sun occupy the place we now possess, and push us so far back into antiquity, that there shall not remain of us either footsteps or remembrance.

let

INTRODUCTION. 3

let us at least dream that it is so. For me, concentered with Plato, I dream like him. O my dear countrymen, whom I have so often heard groan under that load of abuses, of which we are wearied with complaining, when will our dreams be realised? Let us then sleep on; for in that must we place our felicity.

C H A P. I.

Reflections on Paris by an old Englishman.

THOU troublesome friend, why didst thou wake me? Ah! what injury hast thou done me! Thou hast snatched me from a dream, whose sweet illusions were to me more desirable than the importunate light of truth. How pleasing was the deceit! Would that I were plunged in it for the remainder of my days! But, alas! I am again surrounded by that frightful chaos from which I thought myself delivered. Sit down, and listen to me, while my mind is yet filled with the objects by which it was but now enrapt.

LATE last night, I conversed with that old Englishman, whose soul is so free. You know that I love the man truly English; we nowhere find better friends; among no other people do we meet with men of a character so steadfast and so generous; that spirit of liberty with which they are animated gives them a
degree

degree of force and constancy rarely to be met with among other nations.

YOUR nation, he said, is filled with abuses strange as multifarious ; they are neither to be numbered or conceived ; the mind is there lost. Nothing is to me so surprising as that repose, that apparent calm, which broods over the horrid jars of so many intestine troubles. Your capital is an incredible compound (a) ; the hideous monster is the receptacle of extreme opulence and excessive misery ; their contest is eternal. How amazing that this devouring body, which is consuming in every part, can subsist in its horrid inequality (b).

(a) The whole kingdom is in Paris. France resembles a rickety child, whose juices seem only to increase and nourish the head, while the body remains weak and emaciated. This sort of children have frequently more wit than others ; but they are generally short lived.

(b) The manner in which it exists is still more astonishing : It is not uncommon to see a man, who cannot live upon one hundred thousand livres † a year, borrow money of another, who lives at his ease on a hundredth part of the money.

† The livre is equal to ten pence half penny, consequently the French crown of six livres is equal to five shillings and three-pence, and the louis-d'or of twenty-four livres equal to our guinea.

IN your kingdom, all things are made subservient to the capital; cities, nay, whole provinces, are sacrificed to it. Alas! what is it but a diamond in the midst of a dunghill! what an inconceivable jumble of sense and stupidity, of genius and folly, of grandeur and baseness! I left England with precipitation; I flew with hopes of arriving at that bright center, where men, by uniting their mutual talents, had established the throne of all the pleasures, surrounded by ease and complacency. But, heavens! how cruelly were my hopes destroyed! On this spot, where all things abound, I behold wretches perishing for want; in the midst of so many sagacious laws, a thousand crimes are committed; among so many regulations of the police, all is disorder; nothing to be seen but shackles, embarrassments, and practices contrary to the public good.

THE throngs of people are every moment in danger of being crushed by the innumerable quantity of carriages, in which are borne at their ease those who are infinitely less valuable than they whom they splash and threaten to destroy. I tremble when I hear the precipitate tread

tread of horses in the midst of a crowd of the aged and infirm, of children, and teeming women. In reality, nothing is more insulting to human nature than that cruel indifference, with which they regard the dangers that each moment produces (*a*).

YOUR affairs compel you to frequent a quarter of the town, where there exhales a foetid and mortal vapour; thousands of mankind are forced to breathe that poisoned air (*b*). Your churches afford more occasion for scandal than instruction; they are made the high road for passengers, and sometimes something worse;

(*a*) Ye original inhabitants of the earth, could you have thought that a city would ever exist, where they should, without concern, drive over the unfortunate passengers at so much per leg and per arm!

(*b*) The cemetery of the church called the Innocents serves twenty-two parishes; they have interred the dead there for a thousand years past. A place for this purpose should surely have been chosen without the walls; on the contrary, it is placed in the center of the city; and lest it should not be sufficiently frequented, as it should seem, they have surrounded it with shops. It is a grave always open, always filling, always empty. Our delicate ladies there walk over the mouldering bones of millions of their forefathers to purchase pompons and other bawbles.

you are not suffered to seat yourself there but by virtue of money; a shameful monopoly in a sacred place, where all men, when in the presence of the Supreme Being, should surely be regarded as equals.

WHEN you would copy after the Greeks and Romans, you have not even the ability to support their manner, which was pure and noble; you disfigure it, you destroy it, by a puerile longing after what you call pretty. You have some dramas that are master-pieces; but, if on reading them, I find a desire to see them represented, I no longer know them. You have three small, dark, and dirty theatres(*a*); in one you are, at a great expence, magnificently stunned, while you gapingly admire a heap of ridiculous machinery; in another, you are forced to laugh, when you should weep; nature is never consulted; and besides that your tragic actors are beneath all criticism, you there find some impertinent

(*a*) *The French and Italian comedies, or theatres, and the opera. The epithets here used are applicable enough to the two comedies; but surely the opera rather merits those of grand and elegant.*

companion, who is alone sufficient to banish the most perfect illusion; with regard to the third, they are a set of buffoons, who sometimes quaver the drolleries of Momus, and sometimes shriek an insipid air. I prefer these, however, to your dull French comedians, because they are more natural, and consequently more pleasing; and because they afford the public rather more entertainment (*a*). But I must confess at the same time, that a man ought to have an uncommon share of leisure, to amuse himself with the wretched trifles they exhibit.

It affects me with an indignant pity, to see such people as these, who are supported by a sort of contribution from each spectator, impudently crowd their judges together in a scanty pit, where, continually on their seat, and pressing against each other, they suffer a thousand tortures; and where they are not per-

(*a*) There is an essential difference between the French and Italian comedians; the first are fully persuaded that they are persons of merit, and in consequence are insolent; the second are directed entirely by mercenary motives: the one, from self-conceit, shew a want of due respect for the public; the others strive to please it from a principle of avarice.

mitted to complain, though on the point of being suffocated (a). A people who, even in their entertainments, can endure so troublesome a servitude, show to what degree of slavery they may be reduced. Thus, all those pleasures boasted of at a distance are, on a near approach, but troubles; and we must walk over the heads of the multitude, if we would breathe at our ease.

As I don't find myself endowed with that barbarous courage, adieu; I shall be gone. You may boast of your fine buildings that are falling into ruins; show with admiration your Louvre, whose aspect does you more disgrace than honour, especially when surrounded by so many gawdy bawbles, which cost you more to support, than it did to erect your public monuments.

(a) *There are no seats in the pit at any of the French theatres; and as those that are behind are continually endeavouring to get forward, and those before endeavour to keep their station, they are in constant agitation, not much unlike the mob at a lord-mayor's show: to mend the matter, there are six of the king's guards posted in the pit, three on each side; and if any one offers to cry out, one of the guards, if it be his will and pleasure, takes him immediately into custody.*

BUT

BUT all this is yet nothing. If I should dwell on the horrible disproportion of fortunes ; if I should explain the secret causes from whence it proceeds ; if I were to describe your manners, without tender and polite, within haughty and cruel (*a*) ; if I should paint the indigence of the unfortunate, and the impossibility of redress, while they preserve their probity ; if I should enumerate the riches a bad man has acquired, and the degrees of respect that is shown him, in proportion as he becomes more depraved (*b*) ;—this would take up too much time. Good night. To-morrow will I leave you ; I say, to-morrow ; for I can no

(*a*) If we except the financiers, who are in general cruel and unpolite, the rest of the rich have but one of those two faults ; they either politely suffer you to die of hunger, or they roughly give you some relief.

(*b*) Formerly, though they did not assist the virtuous man, they, however, esteemed him. It is now no longer so. I remember the reply of a princess to her intendant : his wages were six hundred livres, and he complained that he was not sufficiently paid. How then did your predecessor manage ? said the princess ; he was but ten years in my service, and retired with an estate of twenty thousand livres a year. Madam, he robbed you, replied the intendant. Very well, says the princess, then do you rob me too.

longer live in a city so full of misery, and that has so many opportunities of preventing it.

I AM disgusted with Paris as with London. All great cities resemble each other. "Rouffleau has very well said, "It seems as if the more laws men make for their happiness, when united in one body, the more depraved they become, and the more they augment the sum of their miseries." One would, however, reasonably imagine the contrary; but too many are interested in opposing the general good. I will search out some village, where in a pure air, with tranquil pleasures, I may deplore the lot of the wretched inhabitants of those fastuous prisons they call cities(a).

IT was to little purpose that I reminded him of the old proverb, 'Paris was not built in a day;' that all was now perfection in comparison of past ages. Perhaps, a few years hence, I said, there will be nothing left for you to de-

(a) Amidst the torrent of modes, projects, and amusements, of which one destroys the other, and none lasts, the minds of the great are lost, deprived of enjoyment, and become as incapable of perceiving the great and beautiful, as they are of producing it.

fire;

fire ; if they shall accomplish, in their full extent, the different projects that have been proposed. Ah ! he replied, there is the foible of your nation ; projects forever ! And can you regard them ? You are a Frenchman, my friend ; and with all your good sense you have an attachment to the soil. But, be it so ; when all those projects are accomplished, I will come again to see you ; till then will I find another dwelling-place ; I like not to inhabit amidst so many unhappy and discontented mortals, whose very suffering looks pierce my heart (a).

I KNOW that it would be easy to remedy the most pressing evils ; but, believe me, they will never be remedied ; the means are too simple to be regarded. I am convinced that they will avoid them ; I am convinced also, that they will repeat amongst you the sacred word Humanity, with much affectation, only to avoid performing the duties it implies (b). It is a
long

(a) There is no one establishment in France that does not tend to the detriment of the nation.

(b) Accursed be the writer who flatters the age in which he lives, and helps to deceive it ; who lulls it with the history of its ancient heroes, and virtues that are no more ;
pal-

long time since will erred through ignorance, and therefore you never reform. Adieu.

palliates the evils that undermine and devour it; and, like a subtle mountebank, talks of its florid complexion, while the gangrene is preying upon its members. The writer of fortitude will never avail himself of these dangerous deceits. He cries, O my countrymen, you by no means resemble your fathers; you are polite and cruel; you have only the appearance of humanity; base and faithless, you have not even the courage to commit great crimes; yours are all mean and dastardly, like yourselves.

CHAP.

C H A P. II.

I am seven hundred and sixty years old.

IT was midnight when my old Englishman left me. I began to be weary ; I fastened my door, and retired to rest. When I had closed my eye-lids, I dreamt that ages had passed since I laid down to rest, and that I was awake (*a*). I rose, and found a weight oppress me to which I was not accustomed ; my hands trembled, and my feet stumbled ; when I looked in the glass, I could scarce recollect my visage ; I went to bed with black hair and a florid complexion ; but when I rose, my forehead was furrowed with wrinkles, and my hair was white ; I saw two prominent bones under my eyes and a long nose ; a colour pale and wan was spread over all my countenance ; when I attempted to walk, I was forced to support myself by my cane ; I did not find, however,

(*a*) When the mind is much affected with any object, it readily returns in sleep. There are astonishing circumstances attending dreams. This, as will appear by the sequel, is not very extravagant,

that

16 *I am seven hundred and sixty years old.*

that I had any ill-nature, the too common companion of old age.

As I went out, I saw a public place, which to me was unknown ; they had just erected a pyramidal column, which attracted the regard of the curious. I advanced towards it, and read distinctly, The year of grace MMD. ; the characters were engraved on marble, in letters of gold. At first, I imagined that my eyes deceived me, or rather, that it was an error of the artist's ; but I had scarce made the reflection, when the surprize became still greater ; for, directing my looks towards two or three edicts of the sovereign fixed to the wall, which I have always been curious to read, I saw the same date, MMD. fairly printed on all of them. Ha ! I said to myself, I am then become old indeed, without perceiving it. What ! have I slept seven hundred and thirty-two years (a) ?

ALL things were changed ; all those places that were so well known to me presented a different face, and appeared to be recently embellished ; I lost myself amidst grand and beau-

(a) This work was begun in 1768.

tiful streets, that were built in strait lines ; I entered a spacious square, formed by the terminations of four streets, where there reigned such perfect order, that I found not the least embarrassment, nor heard any of those confused and whimsical cries that formerly rent my ears ; I saw no carriages ready to crush me ; the gouty might have walked there commodiously ; the city had an animated aspect, but without trouble or confusion.

I WAS so amazed, that I did not at first observe the passengers stop and regard me from head to foot with the utmost astonishment. They shrugged the shoulder and smiled, as we use to do, when we meet a mask ; in fact, my dress might well appear original and grotesque, when compared with theirs.

A CITIZEN (whom I after found to be a man of learning) approached me, and said politely, but with a fixed gravity, " Good old man, to what purpose is this disguise ? Do you intend to remind us of the ridiculous customs of a whimsical age ? We have no inclination to imitate them. Lay aside this idle frolick."

18 *I am seven hundred and sixty years old.*

frolick." What mean you? I replied; I am not disguised; I wear the same dress that I wore yesterday; it is your columns and your edicts that counterfeit. You seem to acknowledge another sovereign than Lewis the XV. I know not what is your design; but I esteem it dangerous; and so I tell you: masquerades of this sort are not to be countenanced; men must not carry their folly to such extent. You are, however, very free impostors; for you cannot imagine that any thing can convince a man against the evidence of his own mind.

WHETHER he thought that I was delirious, or that my great age made me dote, or whatever other suspicion he might have, he asked me in what year I was born. In 1740, I replied.—“Indeed! why then you are seven hundred and sixty years of age. We should be astonished at nothing,” he said to the crowd that surrounded me; “Enoch and Elias are not yet dead; Mathusalem and some others have lived nine hundred years; Nicolas Flamel traverses the earth like a wandering Jew; and perhaps this gentleman has found the immortal elixir, or the philosopher’s stone.”

On

I am seven hundred and sixty years old. 19

On pronouncing the last words he smiled; and every one pressed toward me with a very particular complacency and respect. They seemed all eager to interrogate me; but discretion held them mute; they contented themselves with saying, in a low voice, "A man of the age of Lewis XV. Oh! what a curiosity!"

CHAP.

C H A P. III.

I purchase a suit of ready-made cloaths.

I BEGAN to be anxious for my safety. The man of letters said to me, " I see you are confounded, and therefore willingly offer to be your guide. But let us begin, I entreat you, by entering the first cloth-shop we shall come to ; for," he frankly added, " I cannot be your companion, if you are not decently dressed.

" You must allow, for example, that, in a well-regulated city, where the government forbids all duels, and answers for the life of every individual, it is useless, not to say indecent, to wear a murdering weapon by your side, to put a sword on, when you go to pray to God, or to visit the ladies or your friends. A soldier can do no more in a town that is besieged (*a*). In your age, there were still some remains of the

(*a*) In Paris, every man who is not a servant, or in trade, wears a sword, if he can find money to purchase one, which he may do there for a few shillings.

Gothic

Gothic chivalry; it was a mark of honour to wear at all times an offensive weapon; and I have read, in an author of your days, that an old man would parade with a sword that he could no longer use.

“How girding and troublesome is your dress; your shoulders and arms are imprisoned; your body is pressed together; your breast is constrained, you can scarce breathe; and, why, I beseech you, do you expose your legs and thighs to the inclemency of the seasons? Each age produces new modes; but either I am much deceived, or our dress is both agreeable and salutary. Observe it.”

In fact, the manner in which he was dressed, though new to me, had nothing in it disgusting. His hat (a) had not the dark and gloomy colour, nor the troublesome corners of ours; there remained nothing but the cap, or body of the hat, which was surrounded by a sort of cape,

(a) If I were to write a history of France, I should pay a particular regard to the chapter of hats. This little subject, treated with care, would be curious and interesting. I would contrast the English and French; and show, that when the former wore a large, the latter wore a small hat, and the reverse,

that

that rolled up, or was extended, as the season required.

HIS hair, neatly combed, formed a knot behind his head, and a slight tinge of powder left the natural colour visible (a). Far distant from the plaistered pyramid of scented pomatum; or those staring wings, that give a frightful aspect to the wearer; or those immoveable buckles, that destroy the grace of the flowing curls. His neck was not tightly bound with muslin (b); but surrounded with a cravat more or less warm, according to the season. His arms enjoyed their full liberty in sleeves moderately large; and his body, neatly inclosed in a sort of vest, was covered with a cloak, in form of a gown, salutary in the cold and rainy seasons.

ROUND his waist he wore a long sash that had a graceful look, and preserved an equal

(a) There are at present three or four hundred methods of dressing the hair of a man of fashion. O, how profound are the arts! Who can pretend to pursue them through all their details!

(b) The neck-pieces that are now worn are of more service than the superficial observer may imagine. The town air, high living, and other matters, make us look pale. Now, those necks, by driving the blood up into the face, restore us to a natural complexion.

warmth. He had none of those garters that bind the hams and restrain the circulation. He wore a long stocking, that reached from the foot to the waist; and an easy shoe, in form of a buskin, inclosed his foot.

HE carried me into a shop, where I was to change my dress: I sat down in a chair; but it was not one of those that are hard stuffed, and fatigue instead of refreshing; it was a sort of small alcove, lined with mat, and turned on a pivot, according to the direction of the body. I could scarce think that I was in a tradesman's shop; for it was quite light, and I heard no prating about honour and conscience.

CHAP.

C H A P. IV.

The Porters of Paris (a).

MY guide became every moment more familiar : he agreed for the price of my new dress, which came to a louis-d'or. When I gave it the shop-keeper, he promised to keep it as an antiquity. They paid ready money at every shop; for those people, lovers of a scrupulous probity, know not the meaning of the word *credit*, which, on one side or the other, serves as a veil to an industrious fraud. The art of contracting debts and not paying them was no longer the science of the beau-monde (b).

WHEN

(a) *The porters of Paris carry their burdens in a long basket strapped over the shoulders, and reaches down to the waist; and of these there are near as many women as men.*

(b) When Charles VII. king of France, was at Bourges, he ordered a pair of boots to be made for him. As they were trying on, his intendant entered, and said to the shoemaker, "Take away your boots; we can't pay for them for some time; his majesty can wear his old ones a month longer." The king commended the intendant; and he deserved to have such a man in his service. What will some young rake say to this, who, while he is trying on his boots,

WHEN I came out, the crowd still surrounded me ; but there was nothing either jeering or insulting in their behaviour ; merely a buzz from every side ; “ That’s the man who is seven hundred and sixty years old. How unfortunate must he have been in the first part of his life (a) !”

I WAS astonished to find so much elegance, and so little embarrassment in the streets. One would have said it was the Fete-Dieu (b). The

boots laughs within himself, to think how he shall trick the poor workman. He despises the man whom he has defrauded, and spends the money in debauchery. It were happy, if the baseness of his soul was imprinted on his front ; on that front which blushes not, when he turns down the corner of each street to shun the eye of a creditor. I could wish, that every man in Paris, who was dressed beyond his station, should be obliged, under a severe penalty, to carry his tailor’s receipt in his pocket.

(a) He who is in possession of the subsidies and finances of a state is despotic in the full extent of the term ; and if he does not make all bend before him, it is because it is not always for his interest to exert all his power.

(b) This feast, which is in the month of June, is, at Paris, the greatest in the year ; the shops are not only shut, but every house is hung with tapestry, from the first floor to the ground ; all the streets through which the several processions pass are swept, and strewed with flowers ; and no carriages are suffered to pass.

city, however, appeared to be extremely populous.

THERE was in each street a guard that preserved the public order, and directed the course of the carriages, and of the porters; it took particular care to procure a free passage for the latter, whose burdens were proportioned to their strength. You heard not here a wretch panting for breath, covered with sweat, his eyes red with straining, and his head bent down, groan under a load that would have charged a beast of burden, among a humane people; the rich were not permitted to sport with humanity, by virtue of a few pieces of money; nor did you see the weak and delicate sex, born to perform the soft and pleasing duties of life, transformed into beasts of burden; in the public markets, bending under weights to which their strength was unequal, and accusing the cruel insensibility of those men who were the tranquil spectators of their labours. Restored to their proper station, the women attended to those duties only, which the Creator has enjoined them, to bear children, and be the consolation of those who protect them from the evils of life.

C H A P. V.

The CARRIAGES.

I OBSERVED, that all who went took the right hand, and all who came the left(a). This simple method of avoiding obstruction has been lately discovered; so true it is, that all useful inventions are produced by time(b). By this regulation all obstructions are avoided, and every passage is left free. From the public festivals, where the greatest concourse of people resort, to enjoy an entertainment of which they are naturally fond, and of which it would be unjust to deprive them, each one returns to his home without detriment or danger. I saw not there that ridiculous and turbulent fight of an innumerable number of coaches entangled with

(a) A stranger can by no means conceive what it is that in France occasions a perpetual movement among the people, who, from morning to evening, are absent from their houses, frequently without any business, though in an incomprehensible agitation.

(b) This method, I am informed, has been long used in the imperial city of Vienna.

each other, and the whole body remain immoveable for three hours together ; while the gilded fop, the helpless wretch who suffers himself to be drawn along, forgetting that he has legs, cries out from the coach-window, and laments that he is not able to advance (a).

THE greatest quantity of people form a circulation that is free, easy, and perfectly regular. I met a hundred carriages loaded with provisions or moveables for one coach, and even in that there was only a man who appeared to be infirm. What are become, I said, of those carriages completely gilt, painted, and varnished, that in my time crowded the streets of Paris? Have you then no farmers of taxes, no courtezans (b), no petits maîtres? Formerly those three despicable tribes insulted the public, and vied with each other in attracting the regard of the honest citizen, who fled with precipitation

(a) This droll sight of a number of carriages, intended for expedition, blocked up for a long time by each other, while the masters are fretting and the coachmen swearing, affords some satisfaction to the persecuted foot-passenger.

(b) We have seen a superb carriage, drawn by six horses, sumptuously harnessed, through two rows of wondering artisans, who bare-headed saluted a—strumpet.

before

before them, lest he should be crushed by their chariot-wheels. The nobility of my days regarded the streets of Paris as the lists of the Olympic games, and placed their glory in the havock they made with their horses; then it was, "let him save himself that can."

"THOSE sort of courses," he replied, "are no longer permitted. Just sumptuary laws have suppressed that barbarous luxury, which served only to propagate a race of lackies and horses (a). The favourites of fortune no longer indulge in that criminal luxury so injurious to the poor. The nobles of our day use their own legs, and therefore have more money and less of the gout.

"You see, however, some coaches: they belong to ancient magistrates, or to men distinguished by their services, and bending under the weight of years. It is permitted to them only to roll slowly over the pavement, where the lowest citizen is respected. Should one of these have the misfortune to lame any passenger, he

(a) Those expensive fops, who parade with a crowd of valets, have been justly compared to certain insects, who, though they have many feet are remarkably slow in motion.

would instantly descend from his coach, place the injured person in it, and, at his own expence, provide him with a carriage for the remainder of his days. But this never happens ; they who are permitted to have coaches are men of merit, who think it no disgrace to let their horses give place to a citizen.

“ OUR sovereign himself frequently goes on foot amongst us ; sometimes he even honours our dwellings with his presence ; and almost always, when tired with walking, rests himself in the shop of some artisan (*a*) ; he loves to observe that natural equality which ought to reign among men ; he meets in our eyes with nothing but love and gratitude ; our acclamations proceed from the heart, and his heart receives them with complacency ; he is a second Henry IV. he has the same dignity of soul, the same benevolence of temper, the same noble simplicity ; but he is more fortunate : the public ways receive from his footsteps a sacred impresson that every one reveres ; none dare breed riot ; they are ashamed to cause the least disorder.

(*a*) This was a frequent practice of the late Stanislaus, king of Poland, in the latter part of his life.

“ If the king should come by,” they say ; that sole reflection would, I believe, stop a civil war. How powerful is example, when it proceeds from the first person in the nation ! how does it affect ! what command it has over all men ! it becomes an inviolable law.

C H A P. VI.

The embroidered Hat.

THINGS seem to me somewhat changed, I said to my guide ; I observe that every one is dressed in a simple modest manner ; and in all our walk, I have not seen either gold clothes or laced ruffles. In my time, a puerile and destructive luxury had turned all their brains ; a body without a soul was covered with lace ; and the automaton then resembled a man. —“ That is the very reason which induced us to despise that ancient livery of pride ; our eyes are not confined to the surface. When a man is known to excell in his art, he has no need of a rich habit, nor of magnificent apartments, to recommend him ; he wants not admirers to extol him, or protectors to support him ; his actions speak, and each citizen is desirous that he should receive the recompence of his merit ; they who pursue the same career are the first to solicit in his favour ; each one presents a petition, in which the services that he has rendered the state are displayed in the strongest colours.

“ OUR

“OUR monarch fails not to invite to his court the man who is dear to his people ; he endeavours to receive instruction from him ; for he does not imagine that all knowledge was given him at his birth ; he profits by the lucid instructions of him that has made some grand object the constant subject of his enquiry ; he presents that man with a hat, on which the wearer’s name is embroidered ; and that distinction far outweighs those ribbands, blue, red, and yellow, with which were formerly dressed up, men that were absolutely unknown to their country (a).

“You will readily believe, that an infamous character dare not present itself before a public that would immediately discover the deceit. Whoever bears one of these honourable hats has free access to all places ; at all times, he is ad-

(a) The vanity of the ancients consisted in deriving their origin from the gods ; some laboured to prove themselves the nephews of Neptune, the grandsons of Venus, the cousin-germans of Mars ; others, more modest, contented themselves with being descended from some river, nymph, or nayaid. Our modern coxcombs have a more gloomy ambition ; they would derive their descent from the depths of obscurity.

mitted to the foot of the throne ; that is a fundamental law : therefore, when a prince or a duke has done nothing to obtain the embroidered hat, he enjoys his wealth, but is intitled to no honours ; he is regarded with the same indifference as an obscure citizen, who mixes and is lost in the crowd.

“ BOTH policy and reason authorise this distinction ; it can be displeasing to those only who find themselves incapable of ever attaining it. Man is not sufficiently perfect to do good merely for the sake of good. This sort of nobility, as you will easily believe, is personal only, nor hereditary ; nor is it venal. At the age of twenty-one, the son of an illustrious citizen presents himself before a tribunal, who determine whether he shall enjoy the prerogatives of his father. From his past conduct, and sometimes from the hopes that he gives, they confirm the honour that appertains to a citizen dear to his country ; but if the son of Achilles be a base Thersites, we turn our eyes from him, that he may not have the shame of blushing before us ; he descends into an oblivion, as deep as his father’s glory was exalted.

“ IN

“ IN your time, they punished vice, but they assigned no recompence to virtue ; a very imperfect legislation. Among us, the man of courage, who has saved the life of a citizen (*a*), who has prevented some public calamity, who has performed some act of great utility, wears the embroidered hat, and his respectable name exposed to the public view, gives him precedence to the man of wealth, though it were equal to that of Midas or Plutus (*b*).” That, I replied, is highly just. In my time, they gave, indeed, a red hat, which they fetched from beyond the seas ; but it implied no merit in the wearer ; it was a mere instance of ambition : and I know not well on what pretence they obtained it.

(*a*) It is astonishing that they allot no reward to the man who has saved the life of another, perhaps, at the risk of his own. An ordinance of the police gives ten crowns to the waterman who takes up a drowned body, but nothing to him who saves a citizen in imminent danger of drowning.

(*b*) When an extreme thirst for wealth possesses every breast, the glow and spirit of virtue vanishes, and government can only reward by large premiums, those who were formerly satisfied with titles of honour. Monarchs should therefore create that species of wealth ; but, as we said, it will be current only while the minds of men are susceptible of noble impressions.

C H A P. VII.

The Bridge re-baptised.

WHEN our conversation is interesting, the length of the way becomes imperceptible. I no longer felt the weight of age, being quite re-juvenated by the sight of so many new objects. But what did I discover ! O heavens, what a prospect ! I found myself on the borders of the Seine, where my enchanted sight beheld a long extent of the most beautiful buildings ; the Louvre was finished ; and the space that was between that and the palace of the Tuilleries formed an immense place, where they celebrated the public shews ; a new gallery corresponded to the old one of Perrault, which was still beheld with admiration. These two august monuments, thus united, formed the the most magnificent palace in the universe. All the artists of distinguished merit resided in this palace, and formed the most respectable part of the attendants of a monarch, who valued nothing so much as patronizing those arts that
gave

gave birth to the glory and happiness of his empire. I saw a superb public place that was capable of containing the whole body of the citizens ; a temple was in front ; it was the temple of Justice ; the architecture of that building corresponded with the dignity of the object.

Is that the Pont-Neuf? I cried. How it is decorated!—"What mean you by the Pont-Neuf? We have given it another name; and many others have we changed, to give them such as were more apposite or significant; for nothing has a greater influence on the people than the use of just and expressive terms. Behold the bridge of Henry IV. As it forms a communication between the two parts of the city, it could not bear a more respectable title. In each of the semicircles, we have placed the statues of those great men, who, like him, were the friends of mankind, and sought nothing but the good of their country. We have not hesitated to place beside him the chancellor L'Hopital, Sully, Jeannin, and Colbert. What a treatise on morality! What public lecture is so eloquent, so persuasive, as this range of heroes, whose figures, though dumb, yet expressive, tell to every one how great and desirable it is

to obtain the public esteem. Your age had not the glory to perform such an action." — Alas! my age found the greatest difficulties in the smallest enterprises; they made the most extraordinary preparatives to announce with pomp an abortion; a grain of sand stopped the movement of the most boasted springs; in speculation, they erected the most noble fabrics; the tongue and the pen seemed to be the universal instruments. All things have their time. Our age was that of innumerable projects; yours is that of execution. I congratulate you on your felicity, and rejoice to think that I have lived so long.

C H A P. VIII.

The new Paris.

ON turning my sight toward that part where stood the bridge formerly called Pont-au-Change, I saw that it was no longer loaded with wretched hovels(*a*); my view extended with pleasure along the vast course of the Seine, and the prospect, strictly regular, was further graced by novelty.

THESE, indeed, are admirable improvements!—" 'Tis true; yet 'tis pity, that they should remind us of a fatal accident caused by

(*a*) The thousands of men that resort to the same spot, who dwell in houses of seven stories, who crowd together in narrow streets, who incessantly labour an exhausted soil, while nature sets before them a vast and pleasant country, is an object, in the eye of a philosopher, highly astonishing. The rich repair thither to increase their power, and prevent an abuse of their power by that power itself. The poor cheat, flatter, and set themselves to sale. They who don't succeed are hanged; the others become persons of consequence. It is easy to conceive, that in this perpetual and brutal conflict of interests, the duties of the man and of the citizen are scarce longer to be found.

your

your negligence.”—How our negligence? if you please.—“ History relates that you talked perpetually of pulling down those miserable houses, without performing it. On a certain day, therefore, when your magistrates preceded a sumptuous feast with a fire-work, in order to commemorate the anniversary of some saint, to whom, doubtless, France had great obligations: the firing of the cannon, the petards, and mines, overthrew the ruined houses built on those old bridges; they tottered, and fell on the wretched inhabitants; the fall of one was the ruin of another; a thousand citizens perished; and the magistrates, to whom appertained the revenues of the houses, cursed not only the fire-work, but the very feast.

“ The succeeding years they made not so much noise about nothing; the money that sprung up in the air, or caused dangerous indigestions, was employed in forming a capital for the restoring and maintaining of bridges; they regretted the not having observed this method before; but it was the fate of your age to disregard their follies, though enormous, till they were completely finished.

“ LET

“LET us walk, if you please, this way; you will see some demolitions that we have made, I think, not improperly. The two wings of the Quatre Nations^(a) no longer spoil one of the finest quays, and perpetuate the vindictive temper of a cardinal. We have placed the town-house opposite to the Louvre. When we give any public entertainment, we think justly that it is intended for the people; the place is spacious; no one is injured by the fire-works, or by the brutality of the soldiers, who, they say, in your time, (can it be believed?) sometimes wounded the citizens, and wounded them with impunity^(b).

“You see that we have placed the statue of the several kings that succeeded yours on the middle of each bridge. This range of monarchs, elevated without pomp, in the center of Paris, affords a

(a) A college of that name, nearly opposite the Louvre, founded by cardinal Mazarin, for the education of sixty pupils of four nations, which are Italy, Germany, Flanders, and Roussillon, a county in the Pyrenees, between Languedoc and Catalonia.

(b) This is what I have seen, and of which I here publicly accuse the magistrates, who ought to be more solicitous for the life of one citizen than for twenty public fire-works.

grand

grand and interesting prospect over the river that adorns and refreshes the city, and of which they appear to be the tutelary deities. Thus placed, like the good Henry IV. they have a more popular air than when inclosed in squares, where the eye is bounded (*a*). These, grand and natural, were erected without any great expence; our kings, after their decease, did not impose that last tribute, which in your age oppressed the subject, already exhausted."

I OBSERVE, with great satisfaction, that you have taken away the slaves that were chained to the feet of the statues of our kings (*b*); that you have obliterated every fastuous inscription (*c*);

(*a*) The houses of the farmers of the public taxes, for the most part, encircle the statues of our kings; so that they cannot, even after their death, avoid being surrounded by scoundrels.

(*b*) Lewis XIV. used to say, that of all the governments in the world, that of the grand Turk pleased him most. A greater instance of pride and ignorance cannot be produced.

(*c*) This evidently refers to the *outré* statue of Lewis XIV. in the Place des Victoires, and to the bombastic inscription on the pedestal, which calls him, "the immortal man." It is but justice to the Parisians to add, that they are in general disgusted with the one and the other.

and

and though that gross flattery is of all others the least dangerous, you have carefully avoided even the appearance of falsehood and ostentation.

THEY tell me, that the Bastile has been totally demolished by a prince who did not think himself a god among men, but held the Judge of kings in due reverence. They say, moreover, that on the ruins of that hideous castle (so properly called the Place of Vengeance, and of a royal vengeance) they have erected a temple to Clemency; that no citizen is snatched from society, without his process being first publicly made; that a *lettre de cachet* is a term unknown to the people, and serves only to exercise the curiosity of those who busy themselves with investigating the antiquated terms of barbarous ages. There had been, they added, a treatise composed, intitled, “A Parallel between a *Lettre de Cachet* and the Asiatic Bow-String.”

WE arrived insensibly at the Thuilleries, where every one was admitted; and it now appeared to me more charming than ever^(a). They

(a) To refuse the common people an entrance into this garden seems to me a wanton insult, and of a higher degree than is commonly imagined.

made

made me no demand for a seat in that royal garden. We found ourselves at the Place of Lewis XV. My guide, taking me by the hand, said, with a smile, "You must have seen the inauguration of this equestrian statue."—Yes; I was then young, and no less curious than at present.—"But, do you know," he said, "that it is a chef-d'œuvre worthy of our age? We still constantly admire it; and when we survey the perspective of the palace, it appears, especially by the setting sun, crowned with the most illustrious rays. These magnificent vistas form a happy enclosure; and he who projected the plan was, by no means, destitute of taste; he had the sagacity to foresee the effect they would one day produce. I have read, however, that, in your day, there were men as jealous as ignorant, who vented their censure against this statue and place, which they ought to have admired (a). If, at this time, there should be a man stupid

(a) It is only in France, that the art of keeping silence is not regarded as a merit. A Frenchman is not more easily known by his countenance and his accent than by the legerity with which he talks and determines on all subjects; he never knows how to say, "I understand nothing of that."

enough

enough to utter such absurdities, he would certainly be treated with the highest contempt."

I CONTINUED my entertaining walk; but the detail would be too long: beside, in recollecting a dream, something is always lost. The corner of every street presented a beautiful fountain, from which there flowed a pure and limpid stream that fell into a shell, whose surface resembled the beaten silver, and the transparency of the water invited the thirsty passengers to a salutary refreshment. The clear stream that fell from the fountain, as it flowed through the streets plentifully washed the pavement.

"Behold the project of your M. Desparcieux, member of the academy of sciences, completely accomplished. See how every house is furnished with that which is of all things the most useful, the most necessary. What elegance to our dwellings, what refreshment to the air, is derived from this single circumstance.

"WE no longer erect those dangerous chimnies which threatened to crush each passenger by their fall; our roofs have not that Gothic

declivity, from which a gust of wind could blow the tiles into the most frequented streets.”—

We ascended to the top of one of their houses by a luminous stair-case. What a pleasure was it to me, who love the free air and an extensive prospect, to find the tops of the houses ornamented with pots of flowers, and covered with sweet-scented arbours; the summit of each house offered such a terras, and as they were all of an equal height, they formed together one vast and delightful garden; so that the whole city, when viewed from the top of some tower, appeared to be crowned with verdure, fruits, and flowers.

I NEED not tell you, that the Hotel Dieu was no longer inclosed in the center of the city. If any stranger or citizen falls sick, when distant from his country or his family, we do not, they said, imprison him as they did in your time, in a noisome bed, between a corpse and one expiring in agonies, to breathe the noxious vapours from the dead and the dying, and convert a simple indisposition into a cruel disease. We have divided that hospital into twenty distinct houses, which are placed at the different extremities of the city.

By that means, the foul air which exhaled from that horrid gulph (a) is dispersed, and no longer dangerous to the capital. The sick, moreover are not driven to those hospitals by extreme indigence ; they do not go thither already struck with the idea of death, and merely to secure an interment ; but because they there find more ready and efficacious succour than in their own habitations. You there no longer see that horrid mixture, that shocking confusion, which announced a place of vengeance rather than of charity. Each patient has a separate bed, and can expire without reviling the human race. They have scrutinised the accounts of the directors. O shame ! O grief ! O incredible

(a) Six thousand wretches are crowded together in the wards of the Hotel Dieu, where the air has no circulation. The arm of the river, which flows by it, receives all its filth, and abounds with the seeds of corruption, is drank by one half of the city. In that part of the river which washes the quay Pelletier, and between the two bridges, a great number of dyers pour in their dregs three times a week. I have seen the water retain a dingy hue for more than six hours after. The arch that composes the quay de Gevres is the sink of pestilence ; the inhabitants of all that part of the town drink an infected water, and breathe empoisoned air. The money that is so prodigally spent in fire-works would be sufficient to rid the city of this curse.

guilt !

guilt ! that men should enrich themselves with the substance of the poor, find happiness in the miseries of their fellow-creatures, drive a gainful bargain with death !—But no more ; the time for those iniquities is past ; the asylum of the wretched is regarded as the temple where the Divinity pours his sacred influence with the greatest complacency ; those enormous abuses are all corrected, and the poor sick mortal has now nothing to encounter but his disease, and, oppressed by that alone, he suffers in silence (a).

LEARNED

(a) I have sometimes walked with slow and solitary steps through the wards of the Hotel Dieu at Paris. What place more proper to meditate on the fate of man ? I have there seen inhuman avarice decorated with the name of public charity ; I have seen the dying, crowded closer together than they ought to be in the grave, precipitate the death of their miserable companions ; I have seen their pangs and their tears regarded with a general unconcern ; the sword of death struck on the right and on the left, and not a sigh was heard ; one would have thought that they were killing beasts in a slaughter-house. I have seen men so hardened by this sight, as to wonder that any one should be affected. A few days after, I have been at the opera. What a profuse amusement ! Decorations, actors, musicians ! an enormous expence to procure a pompous entertainment ! What will posterity say, when they shall be told that

“LEARNED and humane physicians here assiduously examine each particular patient ; not pronounce sentence of death, by promiscuously dictating general precepts. By their discerning and attentive conduct, health is soon restored. The physicians we rank among the most respectable of our citizens. In fact, what employment more amiable, more illustrious, more worthy of a virtuous and sagacious being, than to preserve the delicate thread of our days, by nature frail and fleeting, but by art rendered strong and durable ?”—But your general hospital, where is that situated ?—“ We have no general hospital (a), no Bicetre (b), no places of

that two so different places could subsist in the same city. How, alas ! can they exist on the same spot ? Does not the one necessarily exclude the other ? A short time after the royal academy of music overwhelmed my soul ; the first stroke of the bow brought before my eyes the mournful bed of those dying wretches.

(a) *The Hospital General of Paris is a sort of general work-house. It is said to contain ten or eleven thousand persons.*

(b) In the prison of the Bicetre, there is a room called the Salle de Force, that is a type of the infernal regions. Six hundred wretches, crowded together, oppressed by their miseries, by a foul air, by the vermin that devour them,

of confinement, or rather distraction. A sound body has no need of the cautery. Luxury, in your time, had gangrened the vital parts of your constitution ; your political body was covered with ulcers ; and, instead of gently healing those shameful sores, you added to them fresh malignity. You thought to have extinguished

them, by despair, and by a rancour still more cruel, live in the fermentation of a stifled rage ; it is the punishment of Mezentius a thousand times multiplied †. The magistrates are deaf to the cries of these unhappy people. We have seen them murder their goalers, the surgeons, the very priest that attend them, with the sole view of being delivered from that place and expiring with more freedom on the scaffold. It has been justly remarked, that death would be a less barbarous punishment than what they suffer. O ye inhuman magistrates ! iron-hearted wretches, unworthy the name of men ! you offend against humanity still more than those you punish ! No band of ruffians in the midst of their ferocity, ever exercised cruelties like yours. Dare to seem still more inhuman, but execute more speedy justice ; set fire to their prison, and burn them all alive ; you will spare them the greater misery of attending your determinations in their horrible slavery : but, alas ! you seem only anxious to protract it.

Might not each of these unhappy men, have a heavy weight fixed to his foot, and be sent to till the ground ? No ; they are the victims of an arbitrary power that you would conceal from every eye.--I understand you.

† *Vide Virg. Æn. lib. viii. ver. 483.*

vice by cruelty; you were inhuman, because you were incapable of forming just laws. (a).

“ You found it more easy to torment the guilty and unfortunate than to prevent disorder and misery. Your barbarous violence has only served to harden the hearts of criminals, and to make them more desperate. And what have you gained by this conduct? Tears, distracted cries, and curses. You seem to have modelled your places of confinement after your idea of that horrible dwelling you called the infernal regions, where the ministers of vengeance accumulate tortures, for the horrid pleasure of inflicting a lasting punishment on beings full of agony and imploring mercy.

“ To conclude, for to enumerate all would take up too much time, you even knew not

“(a) Yes, magistrates, it is your ignorance, your idleness, and precipitation, that cause despair among the poor. You imprison a man for a mere trifle, and place him by the side of a miscreant: you corrupt, you poison his mind, and then leave him, forgot, amidst a herd of abandoned wretches; but he does not forget your injustice; as you observe no proportion between the crime and the punishment, he imitates your example, and all things become to him equal.

how to employ your beggars; the utmost discernment of your government consisted in shutting them up, and leaving them to perish with hunger. These wretches, who expired by a slow death in a corner of the kingdom, have notwithstanding made us hear their groans; we have not been deaf to their obscure complaints; they have pierced through a series of seven ages; and your base tyranny in that instance has recalled a thousand others."

I HELD down my head, and was unable to reply; for I had been a witness to these cruelties, which I could only lament, for more was not in my power (*a*). After a short silence, I said, Ah! do not renew the wounds of my heart. God has avenged the evil they did to mankind; he has punished the hardness of their hearts: you know——But let us pursue our walk. You have, I think, suffered one of our political evils to subsist; Paris appears to me as populous as in my time; and it was then proved, that the head was three times too large

(*a*) I have satisfied my heart, and executed justice, in announcing this invasion of humanity, this horrid outrage that will scarce be believed; but, alas! it nevertheless subsists.

for

for the body.—“ I am well pleased to inform you,” replied my guide, “ that the number of inhabitants in the kingdom is doubled ; that all the lands are cultivated ; and consequently the head bears now a just proportion to the members. This great city constantly produces as many men of the first rank, men of learning, of useful industry, and refined genius, as all the other cities of France together.”—But one word more, of too much importance to be forgot : Do you place your magazines of powder in the center of the city ?—“ We are far from that imprudence. Nature produces sufficient explosions. We need not construct those that are artificial, and would be a hundred times more dangerous (a).”

(a) There are magazines of powder in the center of almost every town. The lightning, and a thousand other unforeseen, nay unknown, incidents, may blow them up. A thousand terrible examples (a thing scarce credible) have not been sufficient to correct, even to this hour, the weakness of mankind. The loss of two thousand five hundred people, who perished in the ruins at Brescia, will perhaps render our governors attentive to an evil, which may justly be called the work of their hands, as it is in their power so easily to prevent it.

C H A P. IX.

The Petitions.

I OBSERVED several officers, habited with the ensigns of their rank, who came to receive the complaints of the people, and make a faithful report of them to the chief magistrates. Every thing that regarded the administration of the police was treated with the greatest dispatch; justice was rendered to the injured; and every one blessed the administrators (*a*). I poured forth my praises on this wise and prudent government. But, gentlemen, I said, you are not intitled to all the glory of this institution. In my day, the city began to be well governed. A vigilant police watched over every rank and all transactions. One of those who maintained it in the greatest order, deserves to

(*a*) When a minister of state, by his bad management, puts the monarchy in danger, or when a general sheds the blood of the subjects to no purpose, and shamefully loses a battle, his punishment is known; he is forbid to come into the monarch's presence. Thus crimes that may ruin the nation are treated as mere trifles.

be

be named with eulogy amidst you. We read, among his judicious ordinances, that for abolishing those ridiculous and heavy signs which disfigured the city, and endangered the passengers; that for completing, or rather inventing, of lamps; and for the admirable plan of a speedy supply of water, by which the inhabitants have been preserved from those fires which were formerly so frequent (a).

“It is true,” they replied, “that magistrate was indefatigable, and equal to the duties of his office, extensive as they were. But the police had not then received its full perfection; spies were then the principal agents of a government weak, restless, and mutinous (b). They were moreover very frequently employed

(a) *If this author thinks the fires in Paris frequent, where there is scarce a house burned in a year, and where no one ever thought it worth while to erect an office of insurance, what would he say to those at London. In fact, the French houses are so constructed as not easily to be burned.*

(b) *The quantity of spies in Paris is incredible; besides a great number who make it their sole business, almost all that large corps, who by day clean shoes, and at night carry a falet, that is, a farthing candle in a paper lantern, are of that honourable order.*

in a criminal curiosity, rather than in what strictly regarded the public utility; all their discoveries, so artfully procured, frequently produced nothing more than a false light that deceived the magistrate. What was worse, this corps of informers, seduced by bribes, became a corrupted mass that infected society; all the pleasures of conversation were banished (a); men could no longer open their hearts to each other; they were reduced to the cruel alternative of imprudence or hypocrisy. In vain did the soul struggle to express its ideas of patriotism; it dared not declare its sentiments; saw the snare that was spread, and pierced with grief, returned cold and solitary to its secret abode. In a word, men were then incessantly obliged to disguise their words, their looks, and actions. O! how distracting to the generous soul, who saw the monsters of his country smile while they preyed

(a) All such frivolous and capricious regulations, all those refinements in the police, can impose on them only who have never studied the heart of man. Such rigid restrictions produce a hateful subordination, secured by bands on which very little dependence can be placed,

upon

upon it; who saw, and dared not point them out (a).

(a) We have not yet had a Juvenal. What age ever more deserved such a satirist? Juvenal was not a selfish wretch, like the flatterer Horace, or the insipid Boileau; he had a firm soul, that thoroughly detested vice, frankly declared war against it, and pursued it when sheltered under the purple. Who now dare assume that sublime and generous task? Who now has fortitude sufficient to render up his soul to truth, and say to his age, "I leave thee the testament that virtue hath dictated to me; read and blush: it is thus I bid thee farewell."

C H A P. X.

The Man with a Mask.

BUT, pray, who is that man that passes with a mask on his face? How fast he walks, or rather flies!—"It is an author that has wrote a bad book. When I say bad, I speak not of the defects of judgment or style; an excellent work may be made by the aid of plain strong sense alone (a); I only mean that he has published dangerous principles, such as are inconsistent with sound morality, that universal morality which speaks to every heart. By way of reparation, he wears a mask, in order to hide his shame, till he has effaced it by writing something more rational and beneficial to society. He is daily visited by two worthy citizens, who combat his erroneous opinions with the arms of eloquence and complacency, hear his objections, confute them, and will engage him to retract when he shall be convinced. Then he

(a) Nothing is more true; for even the homily of some country curate is of more solid utility, than a book artfully filled with truths and sophisms,

will

will be re-established ; he will even acquire from the confession of his errors a greater glory ; for what is more commendable than to abjure our faults (a), and to embrace new lights with a noble sincerity ?"—But was his book well received ?—"What private person, I beseech you, can dare to judge of a book against the opinion of the public ? Who can say what may be the influence of a particular sentiment in a particular circumstance ? Each author answers personally for what he writes, and never conceals his name. It is the public that marks him with disgrace, if he oppose those sacred principles which serve as the basis to the conduct and probity of man. He must of himself likewise support any new truth that he advances, and that is proper to suppress some abuse. In a word, the public voice is the sole judge in these cases ; and it is to that alone regard is paid. Every author, as a public man, is to be judged by the general voice, and not by the caprice of a single critic, who rarely has a discernment sufficiently just, and knowledge sufficiently extensive, to determine what will

(a) All things are demonstrative in theory ; even error has its geometry.

appear to the body of the people truly deserving of praise or blame.

“ IT has been abundantly proved, that the liberty of the press is the true measure of the liberty of the people (*a*). The one cannot be attacked without injury to the other. Our thoughts ought to be perfectly free ; to bridle them, or stifle them in their sanctuary, is the crime of leze humanity. What can I call my own, if my thoughts are not mine?”

IN my time, I replied, men in power feared nothing so much as the pen of an able writer ; Their souls, proud and guilty, trembled in their inmost recesses, when equity boldly plucked off the veil that covered their shame (*b*).

There-

(*a*) This is equivalent to a mathematical demonstration.

(*b*) In a drama, intitled *The Marriage of a King's Son*, a minister of justice, a court scoundrel, says to his valet, speaking of philosophical writers, “ This sort of people are dangerous ; we can't countenance the least act of injustice but they will remark it. It is in vain that we hide our faces under an artful mask from the most discerning passenger. These men have a manner of saying, *en passant*, I know you.”—Messieurs Philosophers, I hope you will learn

Therefore, instead of protecting that public censure, which, well administered, would have been the strongest check to vice and folly, they obliged all writings to pass through a sieve; and one which was so close that frequently the most valuable parts were left behind. The flights of genius were in subjection to the cruel sneers of mediocrity, who clipped its wings without mercy (a). They began to laugh. "It must have been a droll sight," they said, "to see men gravely employed in cutting a thought in two, and weighing of syllables. It is wonderful that you produced any thing good, when so shackled. How is it possible to dance with grace and ease, when loaded with heavy fetters?—Our best writers took the most natural means to shake them off. Fear debases the mind, and the man who is animated with the love of humanity should have a noble and dauntless spirit. You may now write against all that offends you,"

learn that it is dangerous to know a man of my sort. I will not be known by you.

(a) One half of those they call royal censors cannot be ranked among men of letters, not even those of the lowest class; for it may be literally said of them, that they know not how to read,

they

they replied, "for we have no sieves, nor sheers, nor manacles; yet very few absurdities are published, because they would of themselves perish among their kindred dirt. Our government is far above all invective; it fears not the keenest pens; it would accuse itself by fearing them. Its conduct is just and sincere; we can only extol it; and when the interest of our country requires, every man, in his particular station, becomes an author, without pretending to an exclusive right to that title,"

C H A P. XI.

The new Testaments.

O HEAVENS! What is it you tell me? All the world authors! Why your walls will catch fire like gunpowder, and blow into the air. Mercy on us! A whole nation of authors!—"Yes; but without ill-nature, pride, or disdain. Every man writes the thoughts that occur in his brightest moments; at a certain age, he collects the most judicious reflections that he has made in the course of his days; in his last years, he forms them into a book, greater or less, according to his talent for reflection, and mode of expression. This book is the soul of the deceased. On the day of his funeral, it is read aloud; and that is his eulogy. Our children collect with reverence all the reflections of their forefathers, and meditate on them. These are our funeral urns; and seem to us more valuable than your sumptuous mausoleums, your tombs covered with wretched inscriptions, dictated by pride, and executed by baseness.

WE

“WE thus make it a duty to leave our descendants a faithful image of our lives. An honourable remembrance is the sole property that can remain to us on the earth (*a*); and we do not neglect it. These immortal lessons that we leave our posterity make us still more beloved by them. Portraits and statues preserve the body's semblance only. Why not represent the soul, and the virtuous sentiments by which it was affected? They are multiplied by the animated expression that affection excites; the history of our thoughts and of our actions instruct our families; they learn, by the choice and comparison of thoughts, to improve their manner of thinking and judging. Observe, moreover, that the predominant writers, the men of genius, in every age, are the suns that attract the mass of ideas, and cause them to circulate. It is they that give the first movements; and as their generous hearts burn with the love of humanity, all other hearts obey that sublime and victorious voice, which has laid tyranny and superstition in the dust.”—Gentlemen, per-

(*a*) Cicero frequently asked himself what they would say of him after his death. The man who has no regard to reputation, will neglect the means of acquiring it.

mit

mit me, I entreat you, to defend my age, at least in those points in which it deserves commendation. We had, I think, amongst us, some men of virtue and of genius.—“ Yes, barbarians ! but they were either disregarded or persecuted by you. We have thought ourselves obliged to make an expiatory reparation to their offended manes ; we have erected their statues in the public places, where they receive our homage as well as that of foreigners. Under the right foot of each is placed the ignoble head of some Zoilus or tyrant ; under the buskin of Corneille, for example, you will see the head of Richelieu (*a*). Yes, there were in your time men of amazing talents ; and we are unable to account for the foolish brutal rage of their persecutors ; they seem to have proportioned their rancour to the degree of sublimity those eagles attained ; but they are consigned to the opprobrium which deserves to be their eternal inheritance.”

(*a*) I heartily wish the author had informed us on whose heads stood the feet of Rousseau, Voltaire, and others whose names are ranked with these. We should certainly have heard of heads mitred and unmitred, in an uneasy situation ; but every one has his day.

ON

ON saying these words, he conducted me towards a place where the statues of those great men were erected. There I saw Corneille, Moliere, Fontaine, Montesquieu, Rousseau (*a*), Buffon, Voltaire, Mirabeau, &c. All these celebrated writers are then known to you?—

“ Their names form our childrens alphabet ; and when they attain the age of rationality, we put into their hands your famous *Encyclopedic Dictionary*, which we have carefully digested.”

—You surprize me ! the *Encyclopedia* ! an elementary book ! O what a flight you must have taken toward the higher sciences ! and how do I burn to receive instruction from you ! Let me behold your treasures, and enjoy in one instant the accummulated labours of six glorious centuries.

(*a*) The author of *Emelius* is here meant, and not that frothy poet, void of ideas, who had no other talent than that of arranging words, and giving them a fictitious pomp, under which he hid the sterility of his invention, and the torpid state of his genius.

C H A P. XII.

The College of Quatre Nations (a).

DO you teach your children Greek and Latin? In my time they tortured them with those languages. Do you consecrate ten years, the most precious and pleasing of their lives, in giving them a superficial tincture of two dead languages they will never speak?—
 “ We know better how to employ their time. The Greek language is doubtless very venerable, on account of its antiquity; but we have Homer, Plato, and Sophocles perfectly translated (*b*), whatever some pedants may have said of the impossibility of expressing their beauties. As to the Latin language, which, being more

(a) See the note (a) on page 41.

(b) Instead of giving us dissertations on the head of Anubis, on Osiris, and a thousand useless rhapsodies, why do not the members of the Royal Academy of Inscriptions employ their time in translating the Greek authors, whom they pretend to understand so well? Demosthenes is scarce known to us. That would be of more utility than to know what sort of pins the Roman ladies wore in their head-dress, the form of their necklace, and whether the clasps of their gowns were round or oval.

modern, must in consequence be less excellent, It has died a natural death.”—How is that?—
“ The French language has prevailed universally. They at first made such finished translations as almost rendered it superfluous to have recourse to the originals; and they have since composed such works as are worthy to efface those of the ancients. These new poems are incomparably more useful, and more interesting to us, more relative to our manners, to our government, to our progress in philosophical knowledge and in politics, and lastly to that moral view of which we should never lose sight. The two antiquated languages, of which we shall say more hereafter, are now used by a few learned men only. We read Livy almost in the same manner as we do the Alcoran.”—I perceive the college, however, still bears, on its front, in large characters, *Ecole des Quatre Nations*.—“ We have preserved this building, and even its name, in order to apply it to better purposes. There are now four classes in this college, who are taught Italian, English, German, and Spanish. Enriched with the treasures of these living languages, we do not in the least envy the ancients. This last nation,

tion, which contained within itself the seeds of grandeur that nothing could destroy, has been suddenly enlightened by one of those powerful strokes, that it is impossible to expect or foresee; the revolution has been as sudden as happy, because the light fell at first on the head; whereas, in other states, that has been almost always plunged in darkness.

STUPIDITY and pedantry are banished from this college; and strangers have been invited thither to facilitate the pronounciation of the languages there taught. The best authors in each of them have been translated. From this mutual correspondence masses of light have been reciprocally reflected. Another advantage arises from this, which is, that as the commerce of thoughts is extended, natural prejudices are insensibly extinguished; men have been convinced that a few particular customs ought not to destroy that universal reason which speaks from one end of the world to the other; and that their thoughts were in reality very near the same on those subjects, that have occasioned such long and warm disputes."—But what does the university, that eldest daughter of our kings?

kings?—"She is become a cast-off mistress. That old maiden, after receiving the last sighs of a fastidious and affected language, would have passed it on the world for new, blooming, and enchanting. She transposed the periods, mangled the hemistichs, and in a barbarous and slovenly jargon, pretended to revive the language of the Augustan age. It was at last perceived, that her discordant voice was near exhausted, and that she brought a yawning upon the court, the city, and especially on her disciples. By an arret of the French academy, she was ordered to appear before their tribunal, to give an account of the good she had done for the four last centuries; during which she had been supported, honoured, and pensioned. She would have pleaded her cause in her ludicrous idiom, which certainly the Latins themselves would never have understood; for of the French she was totally ignorant; she therefore dared not to hazard herself before her judges.

THE academy took pity on her embarrassment; she was charitably ordered to remain silent. They had afterwards the humanity to teach her the language of the nation; and from
that

that time, despoiled of her cowl, her crabbed looks, and her ferule, she has applied herself solely to the teaching of that fine language, which the French academy is every day improving; and which, less timid, less scrupulous, corrects it, without always diminishing its force."—And the military academy, what is become of that?—"It has suffered the destiny of all the rest of the colleges. It contained every other abuse besides those that were peculiar to its institution. Men are not made as they make soldiers."—Pardon me, if I trespass on your indulgence; but this point is of too much importance to be abandoned. In my youth, they talked of nothing but education. Each pedant made his book, and well it was, if merely stupid. The best of them all, the most simple, the most rational, and, at the same time, the most profound, was burned by the hands of the common hangman, and decried by those who understood no more of it than that hangman's deputy. Inform me, I entreat you, what method you pursue in the forming of men?—"Men are rather formed by the wise lenity of our government than by any other institution. But to confine ourselves to the culture of the mind:

mind : while we familiarize our children with the letters, we bring them acquainted with the operations of algebra. That art is simple, of general utility, and not more difficult to learn than it is to read ; even the shadow of difficulty has been removed ; the algebraic characters no longer pass among the vulgar for those of magic (a). We have found, that this science habituates the mind to consider matters rigourously as they are : and that this mode of reasoning is of the highest importance when applied to the sciences.

THEY formerly taught youth a multiplicity of knowledge that in no degree conduced to the happiness of life. We have selected those objects only that will give them true and useful

(a) Soon after the art of printing was known at Paris, some one undertook to print Euclid's Elements. The workman employed, seeing it contain a number of squares, circles, triangles, &c. imagined that it was a book of sorcery, intended for raising the devil, who, for ought he knew, might fetch him away in the midst of his work ; he therefore declined it ; but his master insisted on his persevering. The poor fellow, believing that they were determined on his destruction, was so terrified, that, deaf to reason and his confessor, he died of the fright a few days after,

ideas ;

ideas ; they were instructed universally in two dead languages, which were imagined to contain every sort of science, but which could not give them the least idea of those men with whom they were to live. We content ourselves with teaching them the national language, and even permit them to modify it after their own taste ; for we do not wish to form grammarians, but men of eloquence. The style resembles the man ; and the man of genius ought to have a correspondent idiom ; very different from the nomenclature, the only resource of weak minds, whose memories are treacherous.

WE teach them little history, because history is the disgrace of humanity, every page being crowded with crimes and follies. God forbid that we should set before their eyes such examples of rapine and ambition. By the pedantry of history, kings have been raised to gods. We teach our children a logic more certain, and ideas more just. Those frigid chronologists, those nomenclatures of every age, all those romantic or debased writers, who have been the first to bow down before their idols, are obliterated, together with the panegyrist of the princes

of the earth (*a*). What! when the time is so short and rapid, shall we employ our children in crowding their memories with a number of names, of dates, of facts, and genealogical trees? What wretched trifling, when the vast fields of morality and physics lie open before us! It is to no purpose to say that history furnishes examples of instruction to succeeding ages; they are pernicious and infamous examples (*b*), that serve merely to encourage arbitrary power, and to render it more haughty and more cruel, by shewing that men have in all ages bowed the neck like slaves; by exposing the fruitless efforts of liberty, expiring under the attacks of men

(*a*) From Pharamond to Henry IV. we can scarce name two kings, I will not say who knew how to reign, but who knew how to employ that good sense in their administration that a private person observes in the œconomy of his family.

(*b*) The scene changes in history, it is true, but for the most part to introduce new evils; for kings are followed by an indissoluble chain of calamities. A monarch, on his advancement to the throne, thinks he does not reign, if he pursue the ancient plans; the old systems, that have cost so much blood, must be abolished, and new ones established; these agree not with the former, and, at the same time are not less prejudicial.

who

who found a modern tyranny on that of the ancients. If a man of an amiable, virtuous character arose, his cotemporaries were monsters, by whom all his efforts were rendered abortive. This picture of virtue trampled under foot is doubtless very just; but, at the same time, it is highly dangerous to be exposed. It is only for the man of determined resolution to behold such a representation without terror; and he feels a secret joy in reflecting on the transient triumph of vice, and the eternal reward that is the portion of virtue. But from children such pictures should be concealed; they should be made to contract a placid habit, with notions of order and equity, which should, so to speak, compose the substance of their minds. We do not teach them an idle morality that consists in frivolous questions, but one that is practicable and may be applied to all their actions, that speaks by images, that forms their hearts to humanity, to courage, and to sacrifice self-interest, or, to say all in one word, to generosity.

“ We have a sufficient contempt for metaphysics, those gloomy regions, where every one erects a system of chimeras, and always to

no purpose. It is from thence they have drawn imperfect images of the divinity, have disfigured his essence by refining on his attributes, and have confounded human reason by placing it on a slippery and moveable point, from whence it is continually ready to fall into doubt. It is by physics, that key to nature, that living and palpable science, we are enabled to run through the labyrinth of this marvellous assemblage of beings, and to perceive the wisdom and power of the Creator; that science, properly investigated, delivers us from an infinity of errors, and the unformed mass of prejudices give place to that pure light which it spreads over all objects.

“ AT a certain age, we permit a young man to read the poets. Those of the present day know how to unite wisdom with enthusiasm; they do not deceive reason by a cadence and harmony of words, and find themselves led, as it were against their inclination, into the false and the capricious; nor do they amuse themselves with dressing of puppets, with spinning of counters, or shaking the cap and bells. They are the recorders of
those

those great actions that illustrate humanity ; their heroes are taken from all nations where are to be found courage and virtue : that false and venal clarion, which vauntingly flattered the colosses of the earth, is totally destroyed. Poetry has preserved that veridical trumpet only, which can resound through a long series of ages, because it declares, so to say, the judgment of posterity. Formed by such models, our children acquire just ideas of true greatness ; and the plow, the shuttle, and the hammer are become more brilliant objects than the scepter, the diadem, and the imperial robe.

C H A P. XIII.

Where is the Sorbonne ?

IN what language then dispute the doctors of the Sorbonne ? Have they still their ludicrous pride, their long gowrs, and their furred hoods?—"There are now no disputations at the Sorbonne ; for since the French language has been every where used, that troop of wranglers has disappeared. The roofs, thank heaven, no longer echo to barbarous terms, though still less extravagant than the absurdities they were intended to express. We discovered that the seats on which these whimsical doctors sat, were formed of a certain wood, whose baneful quality disordered the best formed head, and taught it to sophisticate methodically."—O ! that I had been born in your age ! Those miserable manufacturers of syllogisms were the persecutors of my younger days. I thought myself for a long time destitute of all ability, because I could not understand their arguments. But what have you done with the palace erected
by

by that cardinal (a), who made wretched verses with enthusiasm, and cut off worthy heads with all the coolness possible?—"That large building contains several spacious apartments, where they now pursue a course of studies far more useful to humanity. They there dissect all sorts of dead bodies; sagacious anatomists search, in the recesses of the dead, the means of diminishing the physical evils of the living. Instead of analysing ridiculous propositions, they endeavour to discover the secret origin of those maladies that torment us; and the deceased thus contribute to the good of their posterity. Such are the doctors now honoured, ennobled, and pensioned by the state. Surgery is moreover now united with physic, and the latter is no longer at variance with itself."

O HAPPY prodigy! they talk of the animosity of contending beauties, of the jealous fury of poets, and of the rancour of painters; but those

(a) O cruel Richelieu, thou rueful author of all our miseries, how I hate thee! How doth thy name distract my ear! After having dethroned Lewis XIII. it was thou that established an arbitrary power in France. Since that period, this nation has never performed any great action; and what can be expected from a people of slaves?

are tender passions in comparison of that hatred which in my time inflamed the sons of Esculapius. We have seen more than once, as a certain droll expressed it, physic on the point of calling surgery to its aid.

“ ALL is now changed ; friends, and not rivals, they now form one body only ; they afford each other mutual assistance, and their operations, thus united, sometimes appear almost miraculous. The physician does not disdain to practise himself the operations that he thinks necessary ; when he prescribes any remedies, he does not leave the care of preparing them to a subaltern, who, by negligence or ignorance might render them mortal ; but judges with his own eyes of the quality, the quantity, and manner of compounding them ; a matter of the greatest importance, as on that the cure absolutely depends. The sick man does not now see by his bed-side three practitioners who ludicrously condemn each other, dispute, sneer, and watch for some blunder of their rivals, with which they might divert themselves at their leisure. A physician is no longer a compound of the most opposite principles ; the patient’s stomach

mach is not now the spot where the poisons of the south rencounter those of the north ; the beneficent juice of plants, natives of our soil, and adapted to our temperaments, dissipate each noxious humour without destroying our entrails.

“ THIS art is esteemed above all others ; for they have now banished the systematic spirit and that blind rotation of practice, which was as destructive to mankind as the rapacity of kings and the cruelty of their ministers.”—I am charmed to hear that matters are thus ; your physicians appear to me highly amiable, as they are no longer avaricious and cruel empirics, sometimes addicted to a dangerous rotation of practice, and sometimes, by making barbarous experiments, prolong the sufferings of the sick, whom they at last assassinate without remorse. But, pray, to what floor will they go up?—“To every floor where there is any one in want of their assistance.”—That’s wonderful : in my time, the most eminent among them would never go higher than the first floor ; and as certain fine ladies admit no visitors that do not wear laced ruffles, so they would cure no patients that did

not keep an equipage.—“ A physician among us, who should be guilty of such inhumanity, would stamp an indelible disgrace on his character. Every one has a right to send for them; they seek only to restore health to the sick; and if he be not able, which is rarely the case, to offer a sufficient gratuity, the state then provides it. Every month a register is made of the sick that die or are cured; the names of the dead are always followed by those of their physicians; and each one is to give an account of his prescriptions, and justify his manner of treating the sick. This detail is laborious; but the life of a man appears to us of too much importance to omit any means of preserving it; and the physicians themselves are interested in observing this sagacious law.

“ They have rendered their art more simple, and divested themselves of many branches of science that are absolutely foreign to the art of healing. You thought, unjustly, that a physician's head should contain every science possible; that he should be a complete master of anatomy, chemistry, botany, and the mathematics; and though each of these arts require the whole

whole life of a man, yet your physicians were in no esteem unless they were besides men of taste, wit, and humour. Ours confine themselves to a thorough knowledge of diseases, to a critical discernment of their several divisions, and of the symptoms that attend them, and more particularly to the distinguishing of the temperaments in general, and that of each patient in particular. They use scarce any of those remedies called precious, or of secret and mysterious compositions; they find a small number of medicines sufficient; they have discovered that nature acts uniformly in the vegetation of plants and in the nutrition of animals. Behold the gardener, they say; he is desirous that the sap, that is, the universal spirit, circulate equally in every part of the tree. The diseases of the plant arise from the glutinous state of that wonderful fluid. In like manner, all the disorders that afflict the human race proceed from the coagulation of the blood and humours; restore them to their natural dilution, and as soon as the circulation attains its just course, health begins to be restored (a). This being
pre-

(a) *This is not strictly true; if it were, whenever the fluids*

premised, there is no need of a very extensive knowledge to attain these ends, for they present themselves to us. We consider all the odoriferous plants as universal remedies, seeing they abound in volatile salts, which are in the highest degree proper to dilute the viscuous blood. These are the most precious gifts of nature for the preservation of health. We administer them to all the sick, and have constantly found them to effect a cure (b).

were sufficiently diluted, the body would be in health, which, unhappily, is by no means the case.

(b) *Though there is scarce any disease that may not be cured by the juice of plants, properly prepared, yet as the most efficacious remedies we know are obtained from minerals, it would be as extravagant totally to reject them as to exclude the others.*

CHAP.

C H A P. XIV.

The Hospital for Inoculation.

PRAY, tell me what building is that I see, which stands by itself, at a distance in the fields?—" It is the hospital for inoculation ; a practice opposed in your days ; as were all the good things ; that were offered to you. You must have been egregiously obstinate, when such manifest and repeated experiments were not able to convince you for your own good. Had it not been for some ladies, more anxious for beauty than life, and some princes not very desirous of resigning their scepters into the hands of Pluto, you would never have ventured on that happy discovery. Success having fairly crowned it, the homely dames were obliged to remain silent, and they who had no diadems were nevertheless desirous of remaining some time longer here below.

" Sooner or latter truth will prevail over the most intractable spirits. We now practise inoculation, as they did in your time in China,
Turky,

Turky, and England. We are far from proscribing salutary aids because they are new ; we have not, as you had, a rage for disputation, merely for the sake of making a figure in the eye of the public. Thanks to our industry, and to a spirit of inquiry, we have discovered many admirable secrets, which I have not now time to explain to you. A profound study of those wonderful simples which you trod under foot, has taught us the art of curing the consumption, the phthific, the dropsy, and other disorders, which your remedies, of whose virtues you had little knowledge, commonly made worse ; the hygiæna (a) especially is so clearly investigated, that each one is able to take care of his own health. We do not depend intirely on the physician, how skillful soever he may be. We apply ourselves to the study of our own temperaments, and not leave it to be guessed at by a stranger on the first sight. Temperance, moreover, that true restorative and conservative elixir, contributes to form bodies healthful and vigorous, and that contain minds pure and strong as their blood.

(a) *The art of preserving health.*

C H A P. XV.

Theology and Jurisprudence.

HAPPY mortals ! you have then no theologians among you (a) ? I see none of those mighty volumes that seemed to be the pillars of our libraries, those ponderous folios, that none but the printer, I should imagine, ever read. Theology, however, is a sublime science, and——“ As our only contemplation on the Supreme Being is to praise and adore him in silence, without disputing on his divine attributes, which are forever inscrutable, we have determined never more to write on that topic ; so much too sublime for our intelligence. It is

(a) We should not here confound the moralists with the theologians ; the former are the benefactors, the latter the opprobrium and scourge of mankind *.

* *What our author here says of theologians evidently relates to those of the church of Rome, among whom he lives, and of whose pride and tyranny he appears to have a just abhorrence. Had it been his good fortune to have lived among us, and have seen that charity and brotherly kindness, that temperance, humility, and contempt of worldly riches, so conspicuous in our dignified clergy, he would doubtless have had a very different opinion of theologians.*

the soul that communicates with God, and it has no need of foreign aids to raise itself up to him (a).

“ ALL the volumes of theology, as well as those of jurisprudence, are confined by large bars of iron in the subterraneous apartments of the library ; and if we should have a war with any neighbouring nation, instead of attacking them with our cannon, we shall send these pestiferous works among them ; we preserve these volcanos of inflammable matter merely for the destruction of our enemies, which they will

(a) Let us descend into ourselves, and ask our own minds, from whence they receive perception and thought ? they will reveal to us their happy dependence ; they will attest that Supreme Intelligence, from which they are nothing more than feeble emanations. When the mind reflects on its own nature, it cannot divest itself of the idea of that God of whom it is the offspring and image ; it cannot doubt of its heavenly origin. This is a truth of perception that has been common to all people. The man of sensibility will be struck with the prospect of nature, and without difficulty acknowledge a munificent God, who has in store for us other bounties. The man void of sensibility will not join to our praises the hymn of his admiration. The heart that never loved was that of the first atheist.

certainly effect, by means of their subtle poisons, that seize at once the head the heart."

To live without theology, I can easily enough conceive ; but how without law, I can by no means comprehend.—“ We have a jurisprudence ; but different from yours, which was both Gothic and capricious. You still bore the marks of your ancient servitude ; you adopted laws that were made neither for your customs nor your climate. As almost every individual became, by degrees, enlightened, they have reformed those abuses, that made of the sanctuary of justice a den of thieves. We are astonished how that foul monster, that destroyed the widow and the orphan could triumph so long unpunished ; nor can we conceive how it was possible for a pettifogger to pass the streets of the city without being stoned by those he had brought to desperation.

“ THE potent arm which bears the sword of justice has smote that enormous body, but void of soul, in which were united the avidity of the wolf, the cunning of the fox, and the croaking of the raven. Their own subalterns,
whom

whom they made to perish by famine and vexation, were the first to reveal their iniquities, and to arm against them. Themis commanded, and the herd disappeared. Such was the tragical end of those rapacious vermin, who destroyed whole families by blotting of paper."

BUT in mytime they pretended, that without their aid a considerable part of the citizens would remain idle at the tribunals, and that the courts of justice themselves might possibly become the theatres of licence and disorder.—
"They were certainly the proprietors of stamped paper, who talked in that manner."—
But how can causes be decided without the aid of attorneys?—"O, our causes are decided in the best manner imaginable. We have reserved the order of counsellors, who know the dignity and excellence of their institution, and being still more disinterested, they have become more respectable. It is they who take upon them to explain clearly and concisely the cause of complaint, and that without vehemence or exaggeration. We do not now see a pleader, by labouring a tedious insipid brief, though stuffed with invectives, heat himself to a degree that
costs

costs him his life. The bad man can find no advocate among these defenders of equity; their honour is answerable for the cause they undertake; they oblige the guilty, by refusing to defend them, to appear trembling and endeavour to excuse themselves before a court where they have no advocate.

“ EVERY man now enjoys the primitive right of pleading his own cause. They never suffer a process to have time sufficient to become perplexed; they are investigated and determined in their origin; the longest time that is allowed for the developing any cause, when it is obscure, is that of a year; the judges, moreover, never receive any presents; they became ashamed of that disgraceful privilege, by which, at first, they received but trifles, but, at last, exacted the most enormous sums (a); they were sensible that they thereby gave examples of rapacity; and that if there be any case in which interest ought not to prevail, it is in that im-

(a) It consisted at first of some boxes of sweetmeats; but now the boxes must be filled with pieces of gold; so daintiness is the present taste of those august senators, and fathers of their country.

portant

portant and awful instance where man pronounces in the sacred name of justice."—I find that you have made amazing alterations in our laws.—“Your laws! Stop there. How could you give that title to an indigested mass of contradictory customs, to those old shattered papers that contained nothing but ideas without connection and grotesque precedencies? How could you adopt that barbarous mass, in which there was neither plan, nor validity, nor object; that consisted merely of a disgustful compilation, where genius and perseverance were absorbed in a noisome abyss? There have arose men of ability, of a love for the human race, and of courage sufficient to induce them to undertake an entire reformation, and of that capricious mass to form a regular and just body of laws. /

“OUR kings have given all their attention to this immense project, in which so many thousands were interested. It has been acknowledged that legislation was the first of studies. The names of Lycurgus, Solon, and those who have followed their steps, are of all others the most respectable. The luminous point proceeded from the utmost north; and, as if nature would

would humble our pride, it was a woman who began that important revolution (a).

“ JUSTICE has spoke by the voice of nature, sovereign legislator, mother of virtue, and of all that is good upon the earth ; founded on reason and humanity, her precepts are wise, clear, concise, and few. All general causes have been foreseen and included in the laws. Particular cases have been derived from them, as the branches that spring from a fertile trunk ; and equity, more sagacious than law itself, has applied practical justice to every event.

“ These new laws are above all things thrifty of human blood ; the punishment is proportioned to the crime ; we have discarded your captious interrogatories, and the tortures of confession, worthy of the tribunal of the inquisition ; and those horrid punishments calculated for a nation of cannibals. We do not put a robber to death, because we know that it would be injustice to murder him who has never mur-

(a) They privately burned at Paris, an entire impression of the code of Catharine II. except a single copy, that I, by chance, saved from the flames.

dered

dered any one ; all the riches on the earth is not equal to the life of a man ; we punish him by the loss of his liberty ; blood is rarely spilt ; and when we are forced to shed it, as a terror to bad men, it is done with the greatest solemnity. A minister, for example, who abuses the confidence of his sovereign, by employing the power with which he is entrusted against the people, can find no pardon (a). He does not, however, languish in a dungeon ; the punishment attends the crime ; and if a doubt arises, we chuse rather to shew him mercy than to run the horrid risk of keeping an innocent man longer in prison.

“ A CRIMINAL, when seized, is exposed in fetters, that he may be a public and striking example of the vigilance of justice. Over the place of his confinement there continually re-

(a) A droll picture that of the rise of a minister. This is advanced to administration by means of a polite copy of verses ; that, after having lighted the lamps, is preferred to command a fleet, and imagines that lamps and ships are to be trimmed in the same manner : another, while his father still holds the yard, governs the finances, &c. It seems as if there was a determination to put these only at the head of affairs who knew nothing of the matter.

mains

mains a writing which explains the cause of it. We do not confine men, while living, in the darkness of the tomb, a fruitless punishment, and more horrible than death itself! It is in the public eye our prisoners suffer the shame of their chastisement. Every citizen knows why this man is condemned to imprisonment, and that to labour at the public works. He whom three chastisements does not reform, is marked, not on the shoulder, but the forehead, and banished for ever from his country."

INFORM me, I entreat you, about the lettres de cachet; what is become of that ready and infallible expedient, which cut short all difficulties, and was so convenient to pride, revenge, and persecution?—"If you ask this question seriously," replied my guide, in a severe tone, "you offer an insult to our monarch, to the nation, and myself. The torture and the lettre de cachet (*a*) are ranked together, and only

(*a*) A citizen is suddenly snatched from his family, from his friends, and society; a piece of paper becomes an invincible thunder-bolt. An order for banishment or imprisonment is dispatched in the king's name, and proceeds merely from his will and pleasure; it has no other authenticity

only remain to pollute the pages of your history."

thenticity than the signature of a minister. Intendants and bishops have in their possession lettres de cachet, and have nothing to do but put in the name of any one they wish to destroy; the place is left vacant. We have seen the wretched grow old in prison, forgot by their persecutors, while the king has never been informed of their crime, of their misery, or even of their existence.

It were to be wished, that all the parliaments in the kingdom would unite against this monstrous abuse of power, and one that has no foundation in our laws. This important cause, once agitated, would become that of the nation; and despotism would be deprived of its most formidable weapon.

C H A P. XVI.

Execution of a Criminal.

THE repeated mournful sounds of a dreadful clarion suddenly struck my ear, and seemed to murmur to the air the names of misery and death ; the drums of the city guards went slowly round, beating the alarm ; and these ominous sounds, repeated by the mind, filled it with a profound horror. I saw the citizens come forth with doleful aspects ; each one addressed his neighbour, and lifting his eyes to heaven, wept, and showed all the tokens of the most piercing grief. I asked one of them, why tolled the funeral bells, and what accident had happened ?

“ONE that is most terrible,” he replied, with a groan. “Justice this day is forced to condemn a citizen to lose his life, of which he has rendered himself unworthy, by embruing his murdering hands in his brother’s blood. More than thirty years have passed since the sun beheld a crime like this. Before the day is

finished, he must expire. O, what tears have I shed for the fury that drove him to such a blind vengeance! Have you heard the particulars of the crime that was committed the night before last? O grief! is it not enough that we have lost one worthy citizen; but must another suffer death?"—He sighed bitterly.—
"Hear, hear the story of that direful event, which has spread over us an universal lamentation.

"ONE of our fellow-citizens, of a fiery disposition, from his birth remarkable for passion, though otherwise a man of merit, was on the point of being married to a young woman whom he loved to distraction. Her temper was as gentle as that of her lover was impetuous; she flattered herself, however, with being able to soften his manners; but the many sallies of wrath that escaped him, notwithstanding all his care to conceal them, made her tremble for the direful consequences that might proceed from a union with a man of his violent temper. Every woman, by our law, is absolute mistress of her person; she therefore determined, from a fear of being miserable, to marry
an-

Execution of a Criminal.

another, who was of a character more conformable to her own. The torch of these nuptials set fire to the rage of an implacable heart, which in the tenderest years had never known moderation. He gave many private challenges to his happy rival, who despised them; for he knew there was more bravery in disdaining an insult, and in stifling a resentment, than in yielding to the impulse of passion, in a manner that both our laws and reason proscribe. The enraged man, listening to nothing but jealousy, encountered the other, the day before yesterday, in a private path without the city, and on his refusing again to combat with him, he seized a branch of a tree, and laid him dead at his feet. After this horrid act, the inhuman wretch dared to come amongst us; but his crime was already engraved on his front; we no sooner saw him, than we discovered that he was criminal, though then ignorant of the nature of his offence. But soon we saw several citizens, their cheeks wet with tears, who bore, with solemn steps, to the foot of the throne of justice, the bloody corpse that cried for vengeance.

“ AT the age of fourteen, they read to us the laws of our country. Every one is obliged to write them with his own hand, and to make oath that he will observe them (a). These laws command us to inform the police of all those infractions that offend against the order of society; but they intend those matters only that cause a real detriment. We renew this sacred oath every ten years; and without being busy informers, religiously watch over the preservation of our venerable laws.

“ YESTERDAY they published the monitory, which is an act entirely civil. Whoever should delay to declare what he knew would be branded with infamy. By this mean it is that

(a) It is scarce to be believed, that the most important of our laws, as well civil as criminal, are unknown to the greatest part of the nation. It would be extremely easy to imprint them with a character of majesty; but they are only published to thunder on the guilty, and not to excite the citizen to virtue. The sacred code of the laws is wrote in a dry and barbarous language, and sleeps among the dust of the rolls. Would it not be proper to clothe it with the charms of eloquence, and by that mean render it respectable to the multitude?

homi-

homicide is soon discovered. None but a villain, for a long time familiarised with guilt, can coolly deny the crime he has just committed ; and of this sort of monsters our nation is purged ; they no longer terrify us, but in the histories of past ages.

“ OBEY, with me, the voice of justice, that calls all the people to be witness of its awful decrees. It is the day of its triumph ; and, fatal as it is, we receive it with applause. You will not see a wretch who has been plunged for six months in a dungeon, his eyes dazzled by the light of the sun, his bones broken by a previous and secret punishment more horrible than that he is going to suffer (*a*), advance with hi-

(*a*) Wretched is the state that refines on its penal laws. Is not the punishment of death sufficient ; but must man add to its horror ? Can he be called a magistrate who interrogates with torturing machines, and gradually crushes a wretch by a slow progression of the most horrid pangs ? who, ingenious in his tortures, stops death, when, gentle and charitable, it advances to deliver the victim ? Here nature revolts. But if you would be more fully convinced of the inutility of the torture, see the admirable *Treatise on Crimes and Punishments*. I defy any man to produce one solid reason in favour of that barbarous law.

deous and dying looks, towards a scaffold erected in an obscure nook. In your time, the criminal, judged in the secrecy of a prison, was sometimes broke on the wheel in the silence of the night, at the door of some sleeping citizen; who waking with terror at the cries of the ex-cruciated wretch, was uncertain whether he was suffering under the iron bar of an executioner, or the sword of an assassin. We have none of those tortures that are shocking to nature; we have a regard to humanity even with them who have offended against it. In your age, they seemed not to be content with merely putting a man to death, so little effect the tragic scenes had upon you, all horrible as they were, and multiplied in cold blood. The guilty, far from being dragged along in a manner that is disgraceful to justice, is not even fettered. Alas! why should he be loaded with chains, when he freely delivers himself up to death? Justice has full power to condemn him to death, but not to charge him with marks of slavery. You will see him walk freely in the midst of some soldiers, who surround him merely to keep off the multitude. We have no fear that he will a second time disgrace himself by endeavouring

to fly from the terrible voice that accuses him. Whither should he fly? What country, what people would receive among them an assassin (a)? and how could he ever efface that horrid mark which the hand of the Divinity imprints on the front of a murderer; the tempest of remorse is there painted in glaring characters; and the eye accustomed to the aspect of virtue will easily distinguish the physiognomy of guilt. How, in short, can he ever be free who feels the immense weight that presses upon his heart!"

WE arrived at a spacious place that surrounded the palace of justice. Along the front of the hall of audience there ran a large flight of steps. It was on this kind of amphitheatre that the senate assembled on public affairs, in the sight of

(a) They say that Europe is civilised; and yet a man who has committed a murder, or made a fraudulent bankruptcy, can retire to London, Madrid, Lisbon, Vienna, &c. and there peaceably enjoy the fruits of his iniquity. Among so many puerile treaties, can they not stipulate, that the murderer shall no where find an asylum? Is not every state and every man interested in his punishment? But monarchs will as soon agree on the destruction of the Jesuits.

the people; it was under their inspection that it chose to transact the most important affairs of the nation; the numerous body of citizens there assembled inspired them with sentiments worthy of the august concerns committed to their care. The death of a citizen was a calamity to the state. The judges failed not to give their sentence all that solemnity, all that importance it deserved. The order of advocates were on one side, constantly ready to plead for the innocent, but silent in the cause of the guilty. On the other side, the prelates, accompanied by the pastors, bare-headed, silently invoked the God of Mercy, and edified the people, spread in crowds over all the place (a).

THE

(a) Our form of justice does not command awe, but excites disgust. It is an odious and shocking sight to see a man take off his laced hat, lay down his sword on the scaffold, mount the ladder in a suit of silk or lace, and dance indecently on the body of the wretch that is hanging. Why not give the executioner that formidable aspect he ought to shew? To what purpose is this cold barbarity? The laws thereby lose their dignity, and the punishment its terror. The judge is still more sprucely powdered than the hangman. Shall I here declare the sensations that I have felt? I have trembled, not for the criminal's offence, but for the horrid unconcern of all those that surrounded

THE criminal appeared ; he was dressed in a bloody shirt ; he beat his breast, and shewed all

rounded him. There has been none but that generous man who reconciled the unfortunate sinner to the Supreme Being, who assisted him in drinking the cup of death, that appeared to me to have any remains of humanity. Do we only wish to destroy mankind ? Are we ignorant of the art of terrifying the imagination without violence to humanity ? Learn at length, thoughtless and cruel men, learn to be judges, learn how to prevent crimes ; conciliate what is owing to the law with what is owing to man. I have not the power to speak here of those artful tortures that some criminals have suffered, who seem to have been reserved, so to say, for a privileged punishment. O disgrace to my country ! the eyes of that sex which seems made for pity remained the longest fixed on that scene of horrors. Let us draw the curtain. What can I say to those who understand me not ? †

† The author here evidently refers to what is improperly called the breaking on the wheel ; for the criminal is stretched naked, except a cloth that goes round his waist, upon two planks, in the form of what is called St. Andrew's cross ; and then the executioner, with an iron bar, breaks all the bones of his arms, his legs, and thighs. A cruel punishment, the reader will say ; but it is trifling to what he has to suffer ; for he is then laid, with his face upward, on a small wheel, about as wide as the length of his body only, and is trussed up like a fowl for the spit ; his broken legs and thighs are brought back to his arms, and he is bound round with cords, hard as a merchant binds a bale of goods that is to go a long voyage, till the ropes cut into the flesh, and thus

all the marks of a sincere repentance. His visage, however, expressed nothing of that dreadful embarrassment so unbecoming a man, who ought to know how to die when necessity calls, and especially when he merits death. They made him pass by a sort of cage, where, they told me, the body of the murdered man was

left, with his head banging backwards off the wheel, to expire by agonies; while the gay, polite Parisians throng from every quarter to behold a sight that is a disgrace to their capital, to their country, and to mankind; and while the softer sex, as the author says, gaze from the windows with insatiable curiosity. This punishment shews how strong the powers of life are in some men; what tortures human nature is capable of sustaining. One would imagine that a man could live but a very short time in such a situation; but the wretch I saw, who was young, and of a vigorous constitution, was placed on the wheel about six in the evening; at four the next morning, he complained of thirst, and drink was given him; about an hour after, he expired.

On revising this note, it occurred to me that the hard binding with ropes may be humanely intended to shorten the criminal's tortures by stopping the circulation; so when the executioner jumps on the shoulders of the man that is hanging, he certainly intends, and does, in many instances, shorten his sufferings. Doubtless too, a great part of the spectators are carried to these executions by a desire to sympathise in the criminal's sufferings; as, when a ship is in distress, the fond mother flies to the sea-shore, and while she strains her infant to the breast, commiserates their calamity, though utterly unable to relieve them.

exposed. On his near approach, he was seized with such violent remorse, that they suffered him to retire. He approached the judges, and put one knee to the ground, to kiss the sacred volume of the law. It was then opened to him, and they read, with a loud voice, the sentence relative to homicides; they placed the book before him, that he might read it; he then fell on his knees, and confessed his guilt. The head of the senate, mounting a platform that was prepared for him, read his condemnation with a strong and majestic voice. All the counsellors, as well as the advocates, who were standing, then sat down, by which they declared that no one of them would undertake his defence.

WHEN the head of the senate had done reading, he deigned to stretch out his hand to the criminal, and raise him up; he then said, "Nothing now remains for you but to die with firmness, and obtain your pardon of God and of men. We do not hate you; we grieve for you, and your memory will not be held in detestation by us. Obey the law with cheerfulness, and revere its salutary rigour. Our

tears bear witness that affection will take place in our hearts, when justice shall have accomplished her fatal decrees. Death is less dreadful than ignominy. Submit to the one, to avoid the other. It is still in your power to choose. If you will live, you may; but it must be in disgrace, and loaded with our indignation. You will behold the sun constantly upbraiding you with having deprived your fellow-being of his genial and brilliant rays; to you they will be hateful, as they will only discover those disdainful looks with which all men regard an assassin. You will bear about with you every where the load of your remorse, and the eternal shame of having refused to submit to that just law which has condemned you. Do justice to society, and condemn yourself (a)."

THE

(a) They who are invested with a power that gives them authority over mankind ought to take great heed how they treat them merely according to their own demerits; they should regard every criminal as a wretch more or less insane; they should therefore treat them as beings who, by some unknown cause, have been led out of the right path. Even when the judge pronounces condemnation with majesty, he should secretly lament that he cannot screen the criminal from punishment. To terrify vice by the most awful apparatus of justice, and privately to reclaim

THE criminal bowed his head; by which he declared that he judged himself deserving of death (*a*). He immediately prepared to submit with constancy, and with that resignation which, in our last moments, is so highly becoming of humanity (*b*). He was no longer regarded as guilty; the body of pastors surrounded him; the prelate, taking off the bloody shirt, clothed him in a white vestment, which was the token of his reconciliation with mankind, and gave him the kiss of peace. His friends and relations crowded to embrace him; he appeared satisfied by receiving their caresses, and by being vested with that garment, which was a proof of the pardon he received from his country. Those testimonies of friendship took from

claim the guilty, should be the two grand points of criminal jurisprudence.

(*a*) Propitious conscience, thou equitable and ready judge, be never absent from me! Tell me constantly, that I cannot do the least injury to another without receiving the counter-stroke; that I must necessarily wound myself, when I wound another.

(*b*) Agefilaus seeing a malefactor endure punishment with unconcern, "O wicked man," he said, "to make so bad a use of fortitude,"

him

him the horrors of approaching death. The prelate, advancing toward the people, seized that moment to make a nervous and pathetic discourse on the danger of passion ; it was so eloquent, so just and affecting, that every heart was filled with admiration and terror. Each one resolved to watch carefully over his temper, and to stifle those seeds of resentment, which increase in a manner unknown to ourselves, and soon produce the most unbridled passions.

DURING this interval, a deputy from the senate bore the sentence of death to the monarch, that he might sign it with his own hand ; for no one could be put to death without his consent, as in him resided the power of the sword. That good father would gladly have spared the life of the criminal (a) ; but, in that moment, he sacrificed the earnest desire of his heart to the necessity of an exemplary justice.

(a) I am sorry that our kings have renounced that ancient and wise custom. When they sign so many papers, why should they neglect one of the most august privileges of their crown ?

THE

THE deputy returned. Then again the bells of the city began their funeral tolls, the drums repeated their mournful march, and those deploring sounds meeting in the air with the groans of the numerous people, one would have thought that the city was on the brink of an universal destruction. The friends and relations of the unfortunate man going to meet his death gave him the last embrace; the prelate invoked, with a loud voice, the forgiveness of the Supreme Being, and the vaulted roof of heaven resounded with the supplications of the whole people, who cried, with one mighty voice, "*O Almighty God, receive his soul! O God of Mercy, forgive him, even as we forgive him!*"

THEY conducted him, with slow steps, to the cage I have mentioned, still surrounded by his friends. Six fusileers, their faces covered with crape, advanced; the head of the senate gave the signal, by holding up the book of the law; they fired, and the soul disappeared (a).

They

(a) I have frequently heard it debated, whether the person of an executioner be infamous. I have always been con-

They took up the dead body. His crime being fully expiated by his punishment, he was again received into the class of citizens ; his name, that had been effaced, was inscribed again in the public register, with the names of those who had died the same day. This people had not the cruelty to pursue the memory of a man even to his tomb ; and to reflect on a whole innocent family the crime of an individual (a) ; they did not find pleasure in dishonouring, without cause, useful citizens, and make men miserable, for the satisfaction of making them humble. His body was carried to be burned without the city, with his fellow-citizens, who, the preceding day, had paid the inevitable debt to nature ; his relations had no other grief to encounter than that which arose from the loss of a friend. The same evening, a place of trust and honour becoming vacant, the king concerned when they have given it in his favour, and could never have a respect for those who ranked him with the class of other citizens. I may be wrong ; but such is my opinion.

(a) Base and despicable prejudice, that confounds all notions of justice, is contrary to reason, and only calculated for a weak or wicked people.

ferred

ferred it on the brother of the criminal ; and every one applauded a choice that was dictated by equity and beneficence.

WITH a heart full of tendernefs and commiseration, I said, O, how is humanity respected among you ! The death of a citizen is the cause of universal mourning to his country.—“ It is because our laws,” they replied, “ are wise and humane ; they are calculated more for reformation than for chastisement ; the way to intimidate vice is not to render punishment common, but formidable ; it is our study to prevent crimes ; we send the refractory to places of solitude, where they are attended by those who endeavour to bring them to repentance, who operate by degrees on their hardened hearts, and gradually display the refined charms of virtue, to whose attractions the most depraved of mortals are not insensible. Does the physician at the first attack of a violent fever abandon his patient ? Why, therefore, should we desert the guilty, who may yet be recovered ? There are few hearts so corrupted, as not to be restored by perseverance ; and a little blood, properly poured forth, cements our tranquility and our happiness.

“ YOUR

“ YOUR penal laws were all made in favour of the rich ; all fell on the head of the poor ; gold was become the god of nations ; edicts and gibbets surrounded all possessions ; and tyranny, with sword in hand, bartered the days, the sweat and blood of the unfortunate ; it made no distinction in chastisements, and thereby taught the people to make none in crimes ; it punished the least offence as the most infamous villainy. What was the consequence ? The multiplying of laws multiplied crimes, and the offenders became as inhuman as their judges. Legislation, when it attempted to unite the members of society, drew the bands so tight as to throw it into convulsions ; and, instead of maintaining, destroyed the connections ; mournful humanity sent forth the cry of grief, and saw too late, that the tortures of the executioner never inspire virtue (a).”

(a) When we examine the validity of that right which human societies have assumed of punishing with death, we are terrified at the imperceptible point which separates equity from injustice. It is to little purpose here that we accumulate arguments ; all our lights serve but to lead us astray ; we must return to the law of nature only, which has far more regard than our institutions, for the life of a man ; that teaches us, that the law of retaliation is, of all others, the

the most conformable to right reason. Among rising governments, which have yet the signature of nature, there is scarce any crime punished with death. In the case of murder there is no doubt; for nature tells us, that we should arm ourselves against assassins *; but in the case of robbery, the inhumanity of inflicting death is notorious; it is a punishment that bears no proportion to the crime; and the voice of millions of men, worshippers of gold, can never make that authentic, which is in its nature invalid. It will be said, "The robber made a contract with me to be punished with death if he invaded my property;" but no man has a right to make such a contract, as it is unjust, barbarous, and senseless; unjust, as his life is not his own; barbarous, as no proportion is observed; and senseless, as it is incomparably more eligible that two men live, than that one of them should enjoy some exclusive or superfluous property.

This note, says the author, is taken from a good novel, intitled *The Vicar of Wakefield*.

* *Notwithstanding what is here said, this position certainly admits of doubt, at least. The ends of punishment are three; to redress the injured, to reform the offender, and to deter others. Now, neither the murdered, nor his representative, can receive any redress from the death of the offender; and with regard to the other two ends, I think it will appear, upon a close inspection, that there are many continued punishments, without having recourse to barbarities, that would be far more efficacious. We cannot be too cautious in depriving our fellow creatures of that which God alone can give, and which, it seems to me, be alone has the right to take away.*

C H A P. XVII.

Not so far off as we thought.

WE conversed a long time on this important subject; but as we became earnestly engaged, and our debate wanted that serenity which is so necessary in an inquiry after truth, I thus bluntly interrupted my learned companion: Tell me, I beseech you, what is become of the Molinists and Jansenists? He answered me with a loud burst of laughter; I could get nothing else from him. But, pray, answer me, I said; here stood the Capuchins, there the Cordeliers, a little farther on the Carmelites. What is become of those frocked gentry, with their sandals, their beards, and their disciplines?

“WE no longer fatten, in our state,” he said, “a set of automations, as troublesome to themselves as to others, who make a foolish vow never to be men, and hold no connection with those that are. We thought them, however, more worthy of pity than reproach. Engaged
from

from the most tender age, in a state of which they were ignorant, it was the laws that were culpable, in permitting them blindly to prostitute that liberty of which they knew not the value. Those recluse beings, whose mansions of retreat were erected with pomp in the midst of a tumultuous city, perceived, and gave themselves up by degrees to the charms of society; when they beheld happy fathers, united brethren, and tranquil families, they regretted their not being able to participate of that happiness. They sighed in secret over that fatal moment, when they abjured a life of all others the most pleasing, and cursed each other like galley-slaves at the oar (*a*); while they longed for the hour that should open their prison doors. It was not far distant; the yoke was thrown off without danger or difficulty; for the hour was then come: just as we see the

(*a*) All those religious houses, where men are crowded together, teem with intestine wars; they are serpents that prey upon each other in obscurity. A monk is a cold and morose animal; the ambition of advancing himself in his corps makes him selfish; he has leisure sufficient to reflect on his plan, and his concentrated ambition has a gloomy turn; when he once gets the command, he is by nature rough and inexorable,

ripe

ripe fruit fall from the branch by the least touch (a). Issuing forth in crowds, with the highest demonstrations of joy, they became, all slaves as they had been, instantly men.

“THOSE robust monks (b), in whom seemed to be revived the vigour of the pristine ages of the world, their fronts glowing with love and joy, espoused those panting doves, those sanctified virgins, who, under the monastic veil, had more than once sighed for a state less holy and more pleasing (c); they performed the devoirs of

(a) In matters of public administration, there should be no violent shock; nothing is more dangerous. Reason and time produce the greatest events, and fix on them an indelible stamp.

(b) Luther, thundering with his fiery eloquence against the monastic vows, asserts, that it was as impossible to keep that of continence as to change our sex*.

(c) What a cruel superstition, to confine in a sacred prison so many young beauties, who conceal all the fires permitted to their sex, which an eternal confinement redoubles, and even to the producing those conflicts they have

* Luther, it is like, judged from himself. There are, however, great numbers of men, who, from an ill-natured constitution, are under no sort of temptation to break the vow of continence from women.

with

of Hymen with an edifying fervour, and produced an offspring worthy of so fair a lineage ;
their
with each other †. To have a just sensation of all the miseries of a heart that devours itself, we should be in its place. Timid, credulous, abused, intoxicated by a pompous enthusiasm, a girl believes for a long time, an God and religion absorb all her thoughts ; in the midst of the transports of her zeal, nature awakens in her heart that invincible, and to her unknown, power, and makes her submit to its imperious yoke. These fires, once lighted up, make havock among her senses ; she burns in the calm of her retreat ; she combats, but her constancy is overcome ; she blushes and desires ; she looks round her, and finds herself surrounded with insurmountable barriers, while all her being is carried with violence toward an ideal object, that her heated imagination has adorned with fresh charms. From that moment, adieu repose. She was born for a happy fertility ; an eternal chain confines her, and condemns her to sterility and misery. She then discovers, that the law has deceived her ; that the yoke which destroys liberty is not the yoke of God ; and that the religion, to which she is irrevocably bound, is the enemy of nature and of reason. But to what purpose are her sorrows and complaints ? Her tears and her sighs are lost in the silence of the night ;

† *As this passage may appear obscure, and as I know not well how to make it more explicit, I shall here give the words of the original. " Quelle cruelle superstition enchaîne dans une prison sacrée tant des jeunes beautés, qui recellent tous les feux permis a leur sexe, que redouble encore une clôture éternelle, et jusqu'aux combats qu'elles se livrent."*

their happy and rosy husbands were no longer solicitous for the canonization of some rotten bones ; they contented themselves with being good fathers and good citizens ; and, I firmly believe, are as likely to go to heaven after death, as if they had made a purgatory of the present life.

“ IT is true, that, at the time it happened, this reformation appeared to the bishop of Rome something extraordinary ; but he soon had serious affairs of his own to manage.”—Who do you call the bishop of Rome?—Him whom you called the pope ; but, as I observed before, we have changed many Gothic terms ; we no longer know what are canonicates, bulls, benefices, and bishopricks of an immense revenue (a) ;

the burning poison that ferments in her veins destroys her beauty, corrupts her blood, and leads her, with precipitate steps, to the grave ; glad thither to descend, she opens herself the tomb, where all her griefs are lost in peaceful slumbers.

(a) I cannot see without horror, ecclesiastic princes, surrounded by all the pomp of luxury, smile disdainfully at public miseries, and presume to talk of morals and religion in their dull mandates, wrote by some curate's journeyman, and which insult common sense with scandalous effrontery.

we do not go to kiss the slipper of the successor of an apostle, to whom his master gave no other examples than those of humility; and as that apostle recommended poverty, as well by his example as his precept, we no longer send our pure gold, so necessary to the state, to purchase indulgences, of which that good magician was very liberal. All these matters gave him at first some disgust; for we do not love to part with our privileges, even though they be somewhat illegitimate; but he soon found that his true heritage was in heaven; that his kingdom was not of this world; and that all earthly riches were vanities, as are all things beneath the sun.

“ TIME, whose invisible and silent hand undermines the loftiest towers, has laid that superb and incredible monument of human credulity in the dust (a); it fell without tumult; its strength was in opinion; opinion changed, and all exhaled in smoke. So we

(a) The musti, among the Turks, extends his infallibility even to historic facts. He thought proper, in the reign of Amurat, to declare all those heretics who did not believe that the sultan went into Hungary.

sometimes behold nothing but a transient vapour, where late was seen a tremendous conflagration.

“A PRINCE worthy to govern, rules over that part of Italy, and that ancient Rome has again beheld her Cæsars: by that word I refer to Titus and Marcus Aurelius, not to those monsters who bore a human face. That fine country is reanimated since it has been cleansed from those lazy vermin that throve in filth. That kingdom now holds its proper rank, bears a lively and expressive aspect, after having been wrapped up, for more than seventeen centuries, in ridiculous and superstitious rags, which stopped its breath, and deprived it of all power of utterance.

C H A P. XVIII.

The Ministers of Peace.

PROCEED, thou charming instructor! This revolution, you say, was made in the most peaceful and happy manner.—“It was the work of philosophy; it acted without noise, and, like nature, with a force the more certain, as it was insensible.”—But I have many difficulties to propose; there must be a religion.—“Without doubt,” he replied with warmth. “Alas! where is the man so ungrateful as to remain dumb in the midst of the miracles of creation, under this brilliant firmament of heaven? We adore the Supreme Being; but the worship we render him causes no disorder nor debate; we have but few ministers, and they are wise, experienced, and friends to toleration; they are free from the spirit of faction, and therefore more beloved and respected; they are only solicitous to lift up pure hands toward the throne of the Father of mankind; they are beneficent to all, in imitation of God, abundant in goodness; the spirit of peace and concord

animates their actions as well as their precepts ; they are therefore universally beloved. We have, moreover, a holy prelate, who lives with his pastors, as with his brethren and his equals. These functions are not assumed by any, till they are forty years of age ; for not till then are the turbulent passions at rest ; and reason, so slow in man, exerts its peaceful empire. Their exemplary life displays the highest degree of human virtue ; it is they that comfort the afflicted ; that point out to the unhappy a merciful God, who watches over them, and will one day recompence their sufferings. They search out poverty when concealed under the cloak of shame, and administer relief without compelling it to blush ; they reconcile adverse tempers by the words of gentleness and peace ; the most inveterate enemies embrace in their presence, and all the ulcers of their hearts become instantly healed. In a word, they fulfil all the duties of men who presume to speak in the name of an Eternal Master."

I AM highly pleased to hear of ministers like those, I replied ; but have you a set of men peculiarly consecrated to repeat at all hours of the day,

day, with a nasal twang, canticles, psalms, and hymns? Does any one among you aspire to canonization? How do you celebrate that rite? Who are your saints?—"Our saints! You doubtless mean those who pursue the highest degree of perfection, who are elevated above human weakness. Yes; we have men of that celestial temper; but you will easily believe that they do not lead an obscure and solitary life; that they do not make a merit of fasting, of chanting bad latin, or of remaining dumb and stupid all their days; it is in the sight of the world that they display the fortitude, the constancy of their souls; they charge themselves, by choice, with the most painful labours, and such as are disgustful to other men; they think that good and charitable works are to the Deity more grateful than prayer alone.

"If men, for example, are wanting to clean the streets, or repair the highways, they readily offer themselves; they undertake the most dangerous as well as the meanest employments, as to carry water through the flames to extinguish a fire, and walk over the burning

planks ; or to plunge into a river, to save the life of a man ready to perish, &c. These generous victims to the public good are filled, animated by an active spirit, by the grand and sublime idea of being useful members of society, and of alleviating the miseries of others. They make a duty of these occupations with as much pleasure as if they were perfectly easy and engaging ; their actions are altogether directed by humanity and the love of their country, and never by self-interest. Some constantly attend the bed of the sick, and administer relief ; while others descend into the mines, and perform all the laborious offices of those regions, so that you would take them to be slaves bowing under the iron yoke of some tyrant ; but the design of their beneficent souls is to please the Eternal by serving their brethren. Insensible to present miseries, they look forward to that reward which God has in store for them, as they do not sacrifice the pleasures of this world to a capricious bigotry, but to a real utility.

“ It is needless to tell you that we respect them during their lives and after their deaths ; and as our most lively acknowledgements would be

be insufficient, we leave it to the Author of all good to discharge that immense debt, being persuaded that he alone knows the just measure of merited rewards.

“ **SUCH** are the saints that we venerate, without supposing any thing more than that they have extended human nature, of which they are the glory, to its highest perfection: they perform no other miracles than those I have mentioned. The martyrs to Christianity had certainly their merit; it was doubtless very commendable to brave the tyrants of the mind; to suffer the most horrible deaths, rather than sacrifice those sentiments that the head and the heart had adopted. But how much more true greatness is there in rendering ourselves the perpetual benefactors to afflicted humanity, to dry up every tear, and to stop or prevent the effusion of a single drop of blood (a).”

“ **THESE**

(a) A counsellor of parliament, in the last century, gave all his fortune to the poor, and then went about begging for them. He met a farmer-general in the street; he attacked and followed him, saying, “ Give me something for my poor people, something for my poor people.” The tax-gatherer refused, and replied in the usual tone, “ I have nothing for them; sir, I have nothing for them.” The counsellor would not quit him; he argued and en-

“THESE wonderful men do not offer their manner of living as a model to others; they do not glory in their heroism; they do not debase themselves to be exalted by the public; and least of all do they rail at the defects of their neighbours, but are much more solicitous to procure them happy lives by their innumerable labours. When one of these exalted souls rejoins that All-perfect Being, from whom it is an emanation, we do not enclose the corpse in a metal still more worthless; we write the history of his life, and endeavour to imitate it, at least in some degree.”—The farther I advance, the more unexpected alterations I perceive.—“You will yet see many others. If a great number of pens did not attest the same matters, we should certainly call in doubt the history of your age. Was it possible? Could the servants of the altar be riotous, caballers, persecutors? Could a set of miserable reptiles hate and persecute each other during the short

treated; he followed him quite to his hotel, and up to his apartment, continually interceding for his poor people. The brutal hoarder of millions, at last enraged, gave him a blow on the ear. “Very well,” said the counsellor, “that is something for me and my poor people.”

space

space of their lives, because they chanced to think differently on certain vain subtilties, or matters that are by their nature incomprehensible? Those weak wretches, it seems, had the audacity to found the designs of the Almighty, and to make them quadrate with their ignorance, their pride, and their folly.

“ I have read, that they who had the least charity, and consequently the least religion, were they that preached to others; that the number of those who bore that lucrative habit, the pledge of a continued idleness, was become incredible; and, to conclude, that they lived in an infamous celibacy (*a*). They say, moreover, that your churches resembled the public market-place; that they were equally offensive to the sight and the smell; and that your ceremonies were calculated rather to distract the mind, than to elevate it to God——But I hear the sacred trump, whose pleasing sounds

(*a*) What a leprosy in a state is a numerous clergy, that make a public profession to know no wives but those of other men!

announce the hour of prayer. Come with me, and behold our religion; let us go to the neighbouring temple, and offer our thanks to the Creator, for having once more beheld the rising sun."

C H A P. XIX.
T H E T E M P L E.

WE turned the corner of a street, and I perceived in the midst of a spacious place a circular temple crowned with a magnificent dome. This edifice, supported by a single range of columns, had four grand portals; on the front of each was written, *The Temple of God*. Time had already imprinted a venerable complexion on its walls, from which it received an additional majesty. When I arrived at the door of this temple, what was my surprise, to read the four following lines in large characters :

*Loin de vain décider sur cet Être Suprême
Gardons, en l'adorant, un silence profond;
Sa nature est immense et l'esprit s'y confond;
Pour savoir ce qu'il est, il faut être lui-même.*

In awful silence let us God adore,
Nor ever dare his nature to explore;

To search those boundless powers, by man
were vain,
Which nought but boundless wisdom can
explain.

O, by the way, I said in a low voice, you cannot assert that this is of your age.—“It is no commendation to yours,” he replied, “for your theologians should have stopped there.” This reply, which seems to have proceeded from the Divinity itself, has lain confounded among verses, of which very little account was made: I know, not, however, if there be any more excellent, for the sense they contain; and, I think, they are here very properly applied.

WE followed the people, who, with thoughtful looks, and tranquil, modest steps, advanced toward the interior part of the temple. They all took their seats, in turn, on rows of stools; the men separate from the women. The altar was in the center; it was totally unadorned, and each one could distinguish the priest who burned the incense. At the moment he pronounced the sacred hymns, the choir of assistants alternately elevated their voice; their sweet and gentle
4 founds

sounds expressed the awful sentiments of their hearts; they seemed filled with the Divine Majesty. There were no paintings, no statues, no allegorical figures to be seen (*a*); the sacred name of God, a thousand times repeated, and in different languages, was spread over all the walls; all declared the unity of the Godhead; all foreign ornaments were rigourously banished; in a word, God alone possessed his temple.

WHEN I lifted my eyes to the summit of this temple, I saw the face of heaven; for the dome was not covered with stone, but the clearest glass. Sometimes a serene and lucid sky announced the complacency of the Creator; sometimes dark clouds, that poured down in torrents, recalled to the mind the dark vale of life, and told us that this dull earth is but a place of exile; the thunder announced, how terrible is God, when offended; and the calm that succeeded to the flashing lightnings declared, that contrition unarms his avenging hand; but

(*a*) The Protestants are in the right; all those works of men dispose the people to idolatry. To express an invisible and present Deity, the temple should contain him alone.

when

when the breath of spring poured down its balmy streams, then every heart was impressed with that salutary and comfortable truth, that the treasures of the divine clemency are inexhaustible. Thus the seasons and the elements, whose voice is so eloquent to those who can comprehend it, spoke to this discerning people, and displayed to them the Author of the universe under all his various relations (a).

THERE were here no discordant sounds; even the voice of the infant was taught to join the majestic choir; there was no profane or frisky music; the organ alone, which was far from being clamorous, was accompanied by the voice of the numerous people, and seemed the song of immortals, who joined these public orisons; no one entered or went out during the time of prayer; no burly Swiss, no troublesome beggar, interrupted the adoration of the faithful supplicants; the whole people were struck with

(a) A savage wandering through the woods, contemplating heaven and earth, and discovering, so to say, the only Master that he knows, comes nearer to the true religion than the Carthusian, buried in his cell, and conversing with none but the phantoms of a heated imagination.

a religious and profound awe ; many lay prostrate, their faces against the earth. In the midst of this universal silent meditation, I was seized with a sacred terror ; it seemed as if the Divinity had descended into the temple, and filled it with his invisible presence.

THERE were boxes to receive alms ; but they were placed in obscure nooks. This people could perform acts of charity without ostentation. During the time of adoration, the silence was so religiously observed, that the sanctity of the place, joined to the idea of the Supreme Being, pierced every heart with a profound and affecting impression.

THE exhortation of the pastor to his flock was simple, natural, and eloquent ; but more from the matter than the style. He talked of God only to make him beloved by men, and to recommend humanity, gentleness, and patience ; he did not endeavour to display his wit, when it was his business to affect the heart ; it was a father that conversed with his children on those matters that were most eligible for them to pursue. These precepts had the greater effect, as they

they proceeded from the mouth of a man whose character was perfectly amiable. I could never have been tired ; for this discourse consisted not of pompous declamation, or vague characters, or far-fetched figures, and still less of scraps of poetry mixed with the prose, by which it commonly becomes yet more insipid (a).

“ It is thus,” said my guide, “ that every morning we make a public prayer ; it lasts an hour, and the rest of the day the doors remain shut. We have scarce any religious feasts ; but we have those that are civil, which relax the people without making them licentious. On no day should man remain idle ; by the example of nature, which never quits its operations, he ought never to reproach himself with having been quite inactive. Repose, however, is not

(a) What, in our preachers, gives me the greatest disgust, is, that they have no fixed principle with regard to morals ; they draw their ideas from their text, and not from the heart. To-day they are moderate and rational ; to-morrow persecutors and enthusiasts. They offer nothing but words ; and it is of little concern to them whether they contradict themselves or not, provided they make out their three points. I have heard one of them pillage the *Encyclopedia*, and declaim against the *encyclopediasts*.

idle-

idleness. Total inaction is a real damage to our country ; and cessation from labour is in fact a diminutive of death. The time determined for prayer is sufficient to elevate the mind to God ; long offices produce inattention and disgust ; and all private prayers have less merit than those that excite the public devotion.

“ LET me recite to you the form of prayer used among us. Every one repeats it, and meditates on every sentiment it contains.

“ THOU one, uncreated Being ! the wise Creator of this vast universe ! since thy goodness hath presented it as a spectacle to man, since so weak a creature hath received from thee the precious gift of reflecting on this great and beautiful work, suffer not, that after the manner of the brute, he pass over the surface of this globe, without rendering homage to thy omnipotence and thy wisdom. We extol thy glorious works ; we bless thy sovereign hand ; we adore thee as our Judge ; but we love thee as the universal Father of beings. Yes, thy goodness is equal to thy power ; all things declare it ; but, above all, our own hearts. If some transient
evils

evils here afflict us, it is, doubtless, because they are inevitable; moreover, it is thy pleasure, and that is to us sufficient; we submit with confidence, and rely on thy infinite goodness; far from complaining, we offer up our thanks for thy having created us to know thee.

“MAY every one adore thee after his own manner, according to the most affectionate, and most animated dictates of his heart. We do not wish to set bounds to his zeal. Thou hast deigned to speak to us by the voice of nature only; all our devotion is confined to the adoring of thee, in blessing thy name, in crying toward thy throne, that we are weak, miserable, limited creatures, and have for ever need of thy supporting arm.

“If we deceive ourselves, if any other worship, ancient or modern, is more pleasing in thy sight than ours, O vouchsafe to open our eyes, and dissipate the clouds that hang over our minds; we will faithfully obey thy precepts. But if thou art satisfied with this feeble homage, which we know to be due to thy power, and to thy truly paternal tenderness; give us the constancy

stancy to persevere in these sentiments of adoration with which we are inflamed. Preserver of human kind! thou, who with thy complacent regards embracest the whole human race, grant that charity may, in like manner, embrace the hearts of all the inhabitants of this earth, that they may all love like brethren, and pour forth to thee one song of love adoration and thanksgiving!

“ WE do not presume to pray for long life; whether thou takest us from this earth, or permittest us here to remain, we shall never be absent from thy sight; we ask for virtue only, lest we should offend against thy impenetrable decrees; but humble and totally resigned to thy will, vouchsafe, whether we pass by a gentle or painful death, vouchsafe to draw us toward thee, the source of eternal happiness. Our hearts pant after thy presence. May this mortal vestment fall off, and may we fly to behold thy glory! What we now see of thy greatness makes us long for a more extensive prospect. Thou hast done too much for man to refuse freedom to his thoughts; he therefore offers up
his

his ardent vows to thee, because, as thy creature, he knows himself born to receive thy favours."

BUT, my dear sir, I said, your religion, if you will permit me to declare it, is, in a manner, the same with that of the ancient patriarchs, who adored God in spirit and in truth, on the tops of the mountains.—"Right; you have justly expressed it; our religion is that of Enoch, of Elias, and Adam, and therefore is at least the most ancient. It is with religion as with laws; the most simple are the best. Adore God, love thy neighbour; hearken to that conscience, that judge which continually attends thee; never stifle that secret and celestial voice; all the rest is imposture, fraud, falsehood (a). Our priests do not pretend to a particular inspiration from God; they call themselves our equals; they acknowledge, that, like us, they walk in darkness; they follow, however, that luminous point which God has been pleased to set before us, and shew it to their brethren without despotism, and without ostentation.

(a) Our author cannot refrain from reflecting on the impostures of the Romish church.

Cherish a pure morality, free from dogmatic principles, and you will banish atheism, fanaticism, and superstition. We have found this happy method, for which we return our sincere thanks to the Author of every good."

You adore a God; but do you admit of the immortality of the soul? What is your opinion of that great and impenetrable secret? All philosophers have endeavoured to resolve it; the wise man and the fool have passed their judgment; systems the most diversified, the most poetic, have been erected on that famous doctrine; it seems above all things to have excited the attention of legislators. What is the opinion of your age concerning it?

"We need but look round us," he replied, "to know that there is a God; we need but look into ourselves to know that there is something within us, which lives, which perceives, which thinks, which wills, and determines. We believe that the soul is distinct from matter, that it is intelligent by its nature. We reason but little on this subject; we love to believe all that elevates human nature; the
system

system which exalts it most is to us the most pleasing ; and we cannot think that ideas which do honour to the creatures of an Almighty God can ever be false. To adopt the most sublime plan is not to deceive ourselves, but to attain the true end. Incredulity is nothing but weakness, and boldness of thought is the faith of an intelligent being. Why should we creep towards inanity, when we find that we have wings by which we can ascend to the Most High, and when there is nothing which contradicts that noble daring. If it were possible that we could deceive ourselves, man would have conceived of an order of things more excellent than that which exists ; the sovereign power would then become limited, I had almost said his goodness.

“ WE believe that all souls are equal by their essence, but different by their qualities. The soul of a man and that of a brute are equally immaterial ; but one has advanced a step farther than the other toward perfection ; and it is that which constitutes its present state, which, however, is at all times liable to change.

“ WE

“ WE suppose, moreover, that all the stars and all the planets are inhabited, but that nothing which is contained in one is to be found in another. This boundless magnificence, this infinite assemblage of various worlds, this glorious circle of existence, seems necessary in the vast plan of creation. These suns then, these worlds so fair, so grand, so diversified, appear to us habitations all prepared for man; they circulate, they correspond, and are subordinate to each other. The human soul ascends to all these worlds, as by a gradual and brilliant ladder, that leads, at every step, to the highest degree of perfection. In this journey it forgets nothing it has seen, or has learnt; it preserves the magazine of its ideas, which are its most valuable treasure, and by which it is constantly attended. When it launches forth to some sublime discovery, it soars above the peopled worlds already explored, and mounts in proportion to the knowledge and virtue it has acquired. The soul of Newton has flown, by its native vigour, over all the worlds that it once weighed. It would be unjust to suppose that death had power to extinguish that mighty genius. Such a destruction would be more afflicting,
more

more inconceivable, than that of the whole material universe. It would be equally absurd to suppose, that his soul should be placed on a level with that of an ignorant or stupid being. In fact, it were to no purpose for a man to improve his mind, if it were not capable of elevation, either by contemplation, or by the exercise of virtue: but an internal sense, more powerful than all objections, says to him, *Exert all thy powers, and despise death; it depends on thyself to conquer, and to augment thy life, which is thought.*

“ For those groveling souls that are plunged in the filth of vice, or of sloth, they will return to the point from whence they parted, or be yet more degraded; they have been for a long time attached to the rueful borders of inanity, have inclined toward senseless matter, and have formed a vile and brutal race; while the generous souls have soared toward the divine and eternal light, they have plunged into that darkness, where scarce is seen one pale ray of existence. A monarch, at his decease, becomes a mole; a minister, a venomous serpent, inhabiting some filthy marsh; while the writer he disdained, or rather could not comprehend, hath obtained

obtained a glorious rank among intelligent beings, the friends of humanity.

“ Pythagoras discovered this equality of souls ; he discerned the transmigration from one body to another ; but it was in the same circle, and never extended beyond this globe. Our metempsychosis is more rational, and superior to the ancient. To those noble and generous souls, who have made the happiness of their brethren the rule of their conduct, death opens a glorious and brilliant career. What think you of our system ?”—I am charmed with it ; it is in no wise inconsistent either with the power or goodness of God. This progressive march, this ascent to different worlds, to the various revolving spheres, all the work of his hands, seems to me perfectly agreeable to the dignity of that Sovereign, who lays open all his dominions to the eye formed to survey them.—“ Yes, my brother,” he replied, with rapture ; “ what prospect so interesting as the sight of all those worlds, that will enrich our souls with millions of novelties, by which they will incessantly advance toward perfection, and become more sublime, in proportion as they ap-

proach the Supreme Being ; will know him more perfectly, will love him with a more enlightened ardour, and at last plunge into the ocean of his immensity. O my soul, rejoice ! thou canst not pass but from wonder to wonder ; a prospect perpetually new, perpetually miraculous, attends thee. How great are thy hopes ? Thou shalt run through the immense scene of nature, till thou art lost in God, from whom thou derivest thy lofty origin.”—But the wicked, I said, they who have sinned against the laws of nature, have shut their hearts against the cry of pity, that have murdered the innocent, and reigned for themselves alone, what will become of them ? Though I love not vengeance, yet I could with my own hands erect a hell for the punishment of certain inexorable souls, who, by pouring down tortures on the weak and the innocent, have made my blood boil with indignation.—“ It is not for our weakness, constantly subordinate to so many passions, to say in what manner God will punish them. This, however, is certain ; the wicked must feel the weight of justice ; banished far from his sight will be every perfidious and cruel being, and all those that are indifferent to the misfortunes of
of

of others. Never shall the soul of Socrates, or Marcus Aurelius rencounter that of Nero. This we may venture to affirm ; but it is not for us to fix the weights that shall enter the eternal balance. We believe, however, that those crimes which have not entirely obliterated the sentiments of humanity, that the heart which is not become totally insensible, that even kings, who have not thought themselves Gods, may become purified, by improving their natures during a long course of years ; they will descend into those globes where physical evils predominating will be the useful scourge to make them sensible of their dependence, and of the need they have of clemency, and may serve to obliterate the prestiges of their former pride. If they humble themselves under the hand that corrects them, if they follow the lights of reason, if they become sensible how far distant they are from the state they might enjoy, if they make some efforts to obtain it, then their pilgrimage will be greatly abridged ; they will die in the prime of life, and will be lamented ; while, smiling with great complacency on their rueful habitation, they will lament the lot of those who are compelled to re-

main after them upon an unhappy planet, from whence they are delivered. Thus it is, that they who fear death know not what they fear ; their terrors are the offspring of their ignorance ; and that ignorance is their first punishment of their crimes.

“ PERHAPS too, the most criminal will be deprived of the precious sensation of liberty : they will not be annihilated ; for the idea of annihilation is repugnant to the nature of the human soul : there can be no annihilation under a creating, preserving, and restoring God. Let not the wicked man flatter himself with that resource ; he will be for ever exposed to the all-piercing eye ; persecutors of every kind will yet wretchedly subsist, but in the lowest class of existence ; they will be incessantly subject to fresh tortures, that will renew their slavery and their misery ; but the duration of their punishment God alone can determine.”

C H A P. XX.

T H E P R E L A T E.

“ **T**HERE goes a living saint. That man you see in a plain purple robe, who supports himself by a stick, and whose gait and aspect discover neither ostentation nor affected modesty, is our prelate.”—How! your prelate on foot.—“ Yes, in imitation of the first apostles. They have, however, lately given him a chair; but of that he makes no use, except from absolute necessity. His revenue flows almost entirely into the bosom of the poor; and when he bestows his donations, he does not first inquire if the man be of his particular opinion; it is sufficient for him that they are men, and that they are miserable; he is not opinionated, fanatic, inflexible, or persecutive; he does not abuse his sacred authority to place himself on a level with the throne; his aspect is constantly serene, the image of a gentle, uniform, and peaceful mind, that never knows warmth or sollicitude, but in doing good. He frequently says to those he meets, ‘ My friends, charity, as St. Paul says,

‘ goes before faith ; be beneficent, and you
‘ have accomplished the law. Reprove your
‘ neighbour, if he err ; but without pride,
‘ without bitterness. Persecute no man on ac-
‘ count of belief ; and take heed how you pre-
‘ fer yourself, in the bottom of your heart, to
‘ him that you have seen commit a fault ;
‘ for to-morrow you will, perhaps, be even
‘ more criminal. Preach by example only.
‘ Reckon not among the number of your ene-
‘ mies the man who disposeth absolutely of his
‘ thoughts. Fanaticism, in its cruel persever-
‘ ance, hath already caused too much evil, not
‘ to be dreaded, and prevented, even in its
‘ least appearances. That monster seems at first
‘ to flatter human pride, and to aggrandise the
‘ soul to which it hath access ; but it soon hath
‘ recourse to fraud, to perfidy, and to cruelty ;
‘ it tramples under foot every virtue, and be-
‘ comes the most terrible scourge to humanity.”

BUT who, I said, is that magistrate, with a
venerable port, that stops him, and with whom
he converses so much friendship?—“ That is
one of the fathers of his country ; he is the
head of the senate, who takes our prelate to dine
with

with him. During their temperate and short repast, frequent mention will be made of the poor, the widow, and the orphan, and of the means of relieving their misfortunes. Such is the interest that unites them, and which they treat with the most lively zeal; they never enter into vain discussions of those antique and ludicrous prerogatives, which exercised, in so puerile a manner, the grave heads of your times."

C H A P. XXI.

The Communion of the two Infinites.

BUT who is that young man that I see surrounded by a busy crowd? What joy is expressed in all his motions! How his visage glows! What happiness has beset him? From whence comes he?—"He comes from being initiated," my guide gravely replied; "though we have but few ceremonies, yet we have one that answers to what, in your time, they called the *first communion*. We observe with a watchful eye, the genius, the character, and most secret actions of a young man. When we perceive that he searches out solitary places for reflection; when we surprise him with a melting eye, gazing earnestly on the vaulted roof of heaven, contemplating, in a sweet extasy, the azure curtain that seems ready to be drawn from before him, then there is no time to lose; then reason appears to have attained its full maturity, and he is become capable of receiving to advantage a display of the wonders of creation.

"WE

“ WE make choice of a serene night, when the starry host shine forth in their fullest lustre, Accompanied by his friends and relations, the young man is conducted to our observatory; his eye is instantly applied to a telescope (a); we cause Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, all the mighty bodies that float in order amidst the ethereal space, to pass before him; we open to him, so to say, the infinite abyss; all those radiant globes press in crowds upon his astonished sight; then a venerable pastor says to him, with an awful, majestic voice, ‘ Young man, behold the God of the universe, who reveals himself to thee in the midst of his works; adore the God of these worlds, whose extensive power exceeds not only the sight of man, but even his imagination; adore that Creator, whose resplendent majesty is impressed on the front of these stars that obey his laws. When thou beholdest these prodigies, the works of his hand,

(a) The telescope is the moral carmen that has lain in ruins all those superstitions and phantoms that tormented the human race. It seems as if our reason has been enlarged in proportion to the immeasurable space that has been discovered and traversed by the sight,

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‘ think with what bounty (a) he is able to re-
‘ ward the heart that is devoted to him. Re-
‘ member, that among his stupendous works,
‘ man, endowed with the faculty of perceiving
‘ and discerning them, holds the first rank ;
‘ and that, as the child of God, he ought to
‘ venerate that respectable title.’

THE scene is then changed ; a microscope is brought, and a new universe, more astonishing, more wonderful than the former, is dis-

(a) Montesquieu somewhere says, that the pictures we draw of hell are finished ; but that when we would speak of eternal happiness, we know not what to promise the good folks. This thought is an abuse of that lively wit he sometimes applies improperly. Let any sensible man reflect but a moment on the number of keen and delicate pleasures that proceed from the mind. How far do they surpass those of the senses ! and what is the body without the mind ? What are our sensations when we chance to fall into a profound and delicious reverie, where the imagination roves without restraint, and creates to itself exquisite and variegated delights that have no resemblance to any material pleasures ? Why cannot the power of the Creator encrease and prolong that happy state ? Is not that extasy which fills the soul of the just man, when meditating on his future state, a type of its future pleasure, when the veil shall be taken away, and he shall range over the vast plan of the universe.

played

played before him. Those animated points that his eye for the first time beholds, that move in their inconceivable exility, and are endowed with the same organs as the giants of the earth, present to him a new attribute of the intelligence of the Creator.

THE pastor then proceeds in the same tone: ‘ Feeble beings as we are, placed between two infinities, oppressed on every side by the force of the divine greatness, let us adore in silence the same hand that has illumined so many suns, and impressed with life these imperceptible atoms. That sight, doubtless, which has composed the delicate structure of the heart, the nerves, the minutest fibres of an emmet, can easily penetrate the inmost recesses of our hearts. What thought so hidden as to be concealed from that almighty eye, to which the lacteal way appears no more than the horn of a mite? Let us render our thoughts all worthy to be known by God, to whom they are ever exposed. How oft, in the course of the day, may the soul mount towards the Supreme, and be strengthened by his presence! Alas! the whole

H 6 ‘ whole

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‘ whole course of our lives cannot be better employed than in forming, at the bottom of our hearts, an eternal hymn of praise, and acts of thanksgiving.’

“ THE young man remains agitated and astonished by the double impression that he receives almost at the same instant; he weeps with joy; he cannot satisfy his ardent curiosity; he is transported at every advance he makes in these two worlds; his words are nothing but a long hymn of admiration; his heart pants with surprise and awe. At these moments, with what energy, with what sincerity does he adore the Being of beings! How is he filled with the divine presence! How does the telescope extend, ennoble his ideas, and render him worthy to be an inhabitant of this wonderful universe? He is cured of his terrestrial ambition, and of the little hatreds that it engenders; he respects all men as animated with the same breath of life; he is the brother of all that the Creator has formed (a).

HIS

(a) They endeavoured to ridicule a faint, who said,
“ Feed on, thou ewe, my sister; leap for joy, ye fish that
are

“ His glory, from that hour, is to reap in the heavens store of wonders ; he appears to himself of more consequence, since he has been endowed with the capacity of understanding these great truths ; he says to himself, God is manifest to me ; my eye has visited Saturn, the star Sirius, and those suns that crowd the milky way ; I find that my being is more noble than I imagined, since the Supreme has vouchsafed to establish a relation between my nihility and his greatness. O ! how happy am I to have received life and intelligence ! I begin to see what will be the lot of the virtuous man. O most bountiful God ! grant that I may eternally love and adore thee !

“ He returns many times to feast on these sublime objects. From that day he is initiated to the rank of thinking beings ; but he religiously keeps the secret, that others, who have not yet attained the age to enjoy such prodigies, may feel the same degree of pleasure and surprise. On the day consecrated to the praise of the Creator, it is an affecting sight to see on our

are my brethren.” This saint was much more estimable than his fellows ; he was, indeed, a philosopher,

ob-

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observatory the numerous adorers of God falling on their knees, the eye applied to the telescope, and the spirit in prayer, sending forth their souls with their sight, towards the Fabricator of these stupendous miracles (a). We then sing certain hymns, composed, in the vulgar tongue, by the first writers of our nation; they are in every mouth, and describe the wisdom and munificence of the Divinity. We cannot conceive how a whole people could formerly invoke God in a language they did not understand: that people must either have been very absurd, or have burned with a most devouring zeal.

“ FREQUENTLY, among us, a young man, giving way to his transports, expresses to all the assembly the sentiments with which his heart is

(a) If to-morrow the finger of the Almighty should write these words upon the clouds, in letters of fire, *Mortals, adore a God!* doubtless, every one would fall on his knees in adoration. Alas! thoughtless, stupid mortals! Is it necessary that God speak to thee in French, Chinese, or Arabic? What are the innumerable stars, rolling in vacuity, but sacred characters intelligible to every eye, and that manifestly declare a God, who reveals himself to us?

filled;

filled (a) ; he communicates his enthusiasm to the most frigid tempers ; divine love inflames and invigorates his expressions. The Eternal then seems to descend in the midst of us, to listen to his children, who entertain each other with his sacred cares and his paternal goodness. Our philosophers and astronomers are eager, on those days of festivity to reveal their choicest discoveries ; as heralds of the Divinity, they make us sensible of his presence, even in those objects that appear to us the most inanimate. All things are filled with God, they say, and all things reveal him (b). We therefore doubt,

(a) When a young man is seized with the enthusiasm of virtue, even though it should be false or dangerous, we should be cautious how we undeceive him. Leave him to himself ; he will discover his error. Should you endeavour to correct him, you may, by one word, chance to destroy his soul's health.

(b) The exterior worship of the ancients consisted of feasts, of hymns, and dances, together with a very few dogmas. The Divinity was not regarded by them as a solitary being, armed with thunder-bolts ; he vouchsafed to communicate himself, and to render his presence visible. They thought they did him more honour by feasts than by tears and lamentation. The legislature that is best acquainted with the human heart will always lead it to virtue by the road of pleasure.

whether,

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whether, in all the extent of the kingdom, it is possible to find one atheist (*a*). It is not fear that keeps him silent; we should think him too much worthy of pity to inflict any other punishment on him than shame; we should only banish him from amongst us, if he became an enemy to the public good, and obstinately determined to oppose a palpable, comfortable, and salutary truth (*b*); but first we should enjoin him to go through an assiduous course of experimental physics. It would not be possible for him to oppose the evidence of that demonstrative science; it has discovered relations so surprising, so remote, and, at the same time, so simple, when once they are known; there are so many accumulated wonders that lay hid in its bosom, and which are now exposed to

(*a*) It is for the atheist to prove that the notion of a God is contradictory, and that it is impossible there should be such a being; it is the duty of him that denies to produce his reasons.

(*b*) When they tell me of the atheistic mandarins of China, who preach the most admirable morality, and devote themselves entirely to the public good, I will not give the lie to the history, but I will say, that, of all things in the world, it appears to me the most incredible.

open

open day; in a word, nature is now so elucidated, even in its minutest parts, that he who should deny an intelligent Creator would not only be regarded as a stupid wretch, but as a being totally perverse; and to find such a one among us would be a cause of mourning to the whole nation (a).

“BUT, thank heaven! as no one in our city has the miserable folly to desire to distinguish himself by notions that are extravagant, and diametrically opposite to the universal judgment of mankind, we are all of one opinion on that important point; and that being settled, you will readily believe, that principles of the purest morality are easily deduced, supported, as they are, on that unshaken basis (b).”

“THEY thought, in your age, that it was impossible to possess the people with a religion

(a) The omnipresence of a great and bountiful God ennobles the frame of nature, and spreads every where a certain vivifying and animated air, which a sceptic and desponding doctrine can never give.

(b) “I fear God,” said a certain person; “and after God, I fear none but that man who does not fear him.”

purely

purely spiritual ; that was a grievous error ; many of your philosophers reviled human nature on that false supposition. The idea of a God devoid of every imperfection was not, however, so difficult to conceive. It is proper to repeat here once more, ‘ That it is the soul that perceives God.’ Why should falsehood be more natural to man than truth ? It would have been sufficient for your age to have banished those impostors that trafficked in sacred things, who pretended to be mediators between God and man, and who diffused prejudices even more vile than the gold by which they were rewarded. In a word, idolatry, that ancient monster, whom the painters, the statuaries, and poets, have, to the misfortune and blinding of mankind, rivalled each other with deifying, has been overthrown by our triumphant hands.

“ THAT there is but one God, an uncreated, spiritual Being, is the basis of our religion. There needs but one sun to enlighten the universe ; there needs but one luminous idea to enlighten human reason ; all those foreign and factitious aids, with which they would assist the mind,

mind, serve only to confound it; they sometimes give it, we confess, an energy that the simple truth does not always show; but that is a state of intoxication which becomes dangerous. A religious spirit has produced superstition; particular forms of adoration have been prescribed; and the liberty of mankind, being attacked in its most valuable privilege, has justly revolted. We abhor that sort of tyranny; we ask nothing of the heart that it does acknowledge; but is it possible for any one to oppose those luminous and affecting impressions that are offered him merely for his own happiness?

“It is to offend against the infinitely perfect Being, to calumniate human reason, or to represent it as an uncertain and false guide. That divine law, which speaks from one end of the world to the other, is far preferable to all factitious religions invented by priests, whose fatal effects prove them to be false; they form a tottering edifice that is in perpetual need of fresh props. The natural law is an unshaken tower, from whence issue, not discord, but peace

peace and unanimity (a). Those impostors, who have made God speak according to the particular passions, have caused the most horrid actions to pass for virtues ; and by proclaiming a barbarous God, those wretches have drove many men of tender feelings into atheism, who naturally became more desirous of destroying the idea of a vindictive being, than of displaying it to mankind (b).

“ W E

(a) The natural law, so simple and so pure, speaks an uniform language to all nations ; it is intelligible to every sensible being ; it is not surrounded by shadows and mysteries ; it is animated ; it is graven on every heart in indelible characters ; its decrees are secure from the revolution of the earth, from the injuries of time, and from the caprice of custom ; every virtuous man is one of its priests ; errors and vices are its victims ; the universe is its temple ; and God the only Divinity it adores. These things have been said a thousand times ; but it is good still to repeat them. Yes, morality is the only religion necessary to man ; when he is rational, then he is religious ; when he is useful, then he is virtuous. Every man perceives, when he seriously examines his own heart, when he considers his own situation, what he owes to himself and to others.

(b) It is by crushing men by the weight of terrors, it is by confounding their understanding, that most legislators have made slaves, and have flattered themselves with keeping

“ WE, on the contrary, it is on the goodness of the Creator, so manifestly expressed, that we elevate our hearts towards him. The shadows of this low world, the transient evils that afflict us, even death itself, cannot terrify us. All these are doubtless useful, necessary, and even tend to produce our greater felicity. Our knowledge is bounded, and therefore cannot comprehend the designs of the Omniscient. If the whole universe were to pass away, what should we fear, seeing, whatever happens, we must necessarily fall under the protection of God.”

keeping them eternally under their yoke. The hell that some Christians have imagined, is, without doubt, the most injurious blasphemy that ever was offered to the divine justice and mercy. Evil ever makes a stronger impression on men than good; therefore, a malevolent divinity strikes the imagination more strongly than one that is beneficent. For this reason it is, that a gloomy, mournful aspect prevails in all the religions of the world; they dispose mankind to melancholy; the name of God perpetually renews in them a sense of terror. A filial confidence, a respectful hope, would do far more honour to the Author of every good.

C H A P. XXII.

A remarkable Monument.

AS I came out of the temple, they conducted me to a place not far distant, to see a monument lately erected. It was of marble ; it excited my curiosity, and inspired me with a desire to see through that veil of emblems with which it was surrounded. They would not explain it ; but left me the pleasure and reputation of the discovery.

A COMMANDING figure attracted my regard ; by the sweet majesty of its countenance, by the dignity of its stature, and by the attributes of peace and concord, I saw that it was sacred Humanity. It was surrounded by other kneeling statues, representing women in the attitude of grief and remorse. Alas ! this emblem was not difficult to explain ; they represented the nations demanding pardon of Humanity for the cruel wounds they had given her during the last twenty centuries. France, on her knees, implored pardon for the horrible night of St. Bartho-

tholomew, for the cruel revocation of the edict of Nantes, and for the persecution of those sages that sprung upon her bosom. How, with her gentle aspect, could she ever commit such foul crimes ! England abjured her fanaticism, her two roses, and stretched out her hand to philosophy ; she promised to shed no blood but that of tyrants (*a*). Holland detested the parties of Gomar and Arminius, and the punishment of the virtuous Barnevelt. Germany concealed her haughty front, and saw with horror the history of her intestine divisions, and of her frantic theologic rage, that was so remarkably contrasted by the natural coldness of her constitution. Poland beheld, with indignation, those despicable confederates, who, in my days, tore her entrails, and renewed the atrocities of the croisades. Spain, still more criminal than her sisters, groaned at the thought of having covered the new continent (*b*) with thirty-five millions of carcases, with having pursued the deplorable remains of a thousand nations into the

(*a*) She has kept her word.

(*b*) The Europeans in the new world : what a book yet unwrote !

depths

depths of forests, and into the caverns of rocks, and having taught animals, less ferocious than themselves, to drink human blood. Spain may sigh and supplicate her fill, but never ought to hope for pardon ; the punishment of so many wretches condemned to the mines ought for ever to be urged against her (a). The statuary had represented several mutilated slaves, who, looking up to heaven, cried for vengeance. We retired with terror ; we seemed to hear their cries. The figure of Spain was composed of a marble veined with blood ; and

(a) When I think on those wretched beings who enjoy nought of human nature but grief, buried alive in the entrails of the earth, sighing after that sun which they have had the misfortune once to see, but shall never more behold, who groan in their horrid dungeons each time they breathe, and who know that they shall never escape from that frightful night, but to enter into the eternal darkness of the grave ; then a shivering runs through all my frame, I seem to descend into their infernal regions, I breathe with them the stench of the torches that illumine their hideous dwellings ; I see that gold, the idol of mankind, in its true aspect ; and something tells me, that Providence ought to attach to that metal, the source of so many barbarities, the chastisement of those innumerable evils that it causes, even before it sees the day.

those frightful streaks are as indelible as the memory of her crimes (*a*).

AT a distance, was seen the figure of Italy, the original cause of so many evils, the first source of those furies that have covered the two worlds. She was prostrate, her face against the earth ; she stifled with her feet the flaming torch of excommunication ; she seemed fearful to solicit her pardon. I would have examined her aspect more closely ; but, on a near approach, I found a thunder-bolt that lately fell had blackened her visage and destroyed all her features.

RADIANT Humanity raised her pathetic front amidst all these humble and humiliated figures. I remarked, that the statuary had given her the features of that free and courageous nation, who broke the chains of tyrants ; the hat of the great Tell (*b*) adorned her head, and

(*a*) Twenty millions of men have fell by the sword of Spaniards, and the kingdom of Spain contains scarce seven millions.

(*b*) *William Tell, the famous Swiss, who was commanded by Griser, governor of Switzerland for the emperor Albertus, to*

and formed the most respectable diadem that ever bound the brows of a monarch (a). She smiled upon august Philosophy, her sister, whose pure hands were spread toward heaven, by whom she was regarded with the highest complacency.

IN going from this place, I observed toward the right, on a magnificent pedestal, the figure of a negro; his head was bare, his arm extended, his eye fierce, his attitude noble and commanding; round him were spread the broken relics of twenty scepters; and at his feet I read these words : *To the avenger of the new world.*

Shoot an apple off his son's head, standing at a considerable distance, which he did without hurting the child. He was one of the principal persons concerned in the revolution which happened in that country, in the year 1307.

(a) If Plato was to revisit the earth, he would certainly regard with admiration the Helvetic republics. The Swiss have excelled in that which constitutes the essence of a republic, which is, to preserve its own liberties without attempting any thing against that of others. Good faith, candour, a love of labour, an alliance with all nations, unknown in history, strength and courage supported in the midst of a profound peace, notwithstanding the difference of religions, are what may serve as a model to all nations, and make them blush at their follies.

I CRIED

I CRIED out with surprise and joy.—“ Yes,” they said, with equal rapture ; “ nature has at last produced this wonderful man, this immortal man, who was to deliver a world from the most outrageous, the most inveterate and atrocious tyranny. His sagacity, his valour, his patience, his fortitude, and virtuous vengeance, have been rewarded ; he has broke asunder the chains of all his countrymen. So vast a number of slaves, oppressed by the most odious servitude, seemed but to wait his signal to become so many heroes. Not the torrent that breaks the dykes, nor the bursting thunder, have a more sudden, or more violent effect. At the same instant, they poured forth the blood of all their tyrants ; French, Spanish, English, Dutch, and Portuguese, all became a prey to the sword, to fire, and poison. The soil of America drank with avidity that blood for which it had so long thirsted ; and the bones of their ancestors, cowardly butchered, seemed to rise up and leap for joy.

“ THE natives have reassumed their unalienable rights, as they were those of nature. This heroic venger has given liberty to a world, of which he is the titular deity ; and the other

world has decreed him crowns and homages. He came like the storm which extends itself over some criminal city that the thunder is ready to destroy ; he was the exterminating angel, to whom God resigned his sword of justice ; he has shown, by this example, that, sooner or later, cruelty will be punished ; and that Providence keeps in reserve such mighty souls, to send them upon the earth, that they may restore that equilibrium which the iniquity of ferocious ambition had destroyed (a).

(a) This hero, doubtless, would have spared those generous quakers, who have lately given their slaves their liberty ; a memorable and affecting epoch, at which I shed tears of joy, and that makes me detest those Christians who do not imitate them.

C H A P. XXIII.

The Bread, the Wine, &c.

I WAS so pleased with my conductor, that I was fearful every instant, lest he should quit me. The hour for dinner had been rung; as I was far distant from my lodging, and as all my acquaintance were dead, I was looking out for some tavern, where I might civilly invite him to dine, and acknowledge his complaisance at least; but was continually at a loss, for we passed through several streets without seeing one place of entertainment.

WHAT is become, I said, of all those taverns, all those eating-houses, that, united and divided in the same employ, were continually at variance with each other (*a*), that swarmed at every corner,

(*a*) He that turns the spit must not lay the cloth, and he that lays the cloth must not turn the spit. It would be curious to examine the bye-laws of the several communities of the good city of Paris. The parliament sat gravely for several days, in order to fix the invariable rights of a roasting cook.

corner, and formerly peopled the city?—"That was one of the abuses your age suffered to subsist; they tolerated a mortal sophistification that killed the citizens when in perfect health. The poor, that is to say, three parts of the town, not being able to procure the natural wines, compelled by thirst, and by the necessity of repairing their exhausted strength after labour, drank a slow poison in that detestable liquor, whose daily use concealed the perfidy; their nerves were weakened, their entrails dried up. "What could you expect? The duty was become so excessive, that it greatly surpassed the

book. A remarkable cause of this kind has lately occurred. The company of booksellers of Paris pretend, that the genius of a Montesquieu, a Corneille, &c. belongs of right to them; that whatever proceeds from the brain of a philosopher forms a part of their patrimony; that all human learning, when once stamped upon paper, becomes a commodity in which no man has a right to deal but themselves; and that the author of the work can reap no sort of advantage from it but what they please to grant him. These extraordinary pretensions have been publicly exposed in a printed memoir. M. Linguet, a man of letters, of eloquence, and of a fruitful genius, has poured down ridicule in great plenty on those ludicrous venders of books; but, alas, the force of the ridicule falls on the wretched legislation of the commerce of France.

price

price of the commodity. One would have imagined that wine was forbid by the law, or that the soil of France was become that of England. Of but little consequence was it that a whole city was poisoned, provided the farmers of the taxes were able to advance in their contracts every year (*a*). The taxes must be raised, the price of the wine must be enormously enhanced, to satisfy the horrible avarice of the farmer-general; and as the great people were not affected by this secret poison, it was very indifferent

(*a*) A peasant had an ass that carried panniers, which his master filled with apples to the brim. The poor animal, though heavily loaden, trod on with obedient and patient steps. At a small distance from his village, the clown saw some ripe apples that hung over the path. "O, says he, you can carry these, as you carry the others so well." The ass, as patient as his master was rapacious, redoubled his efforts, but his strength was unequal to his obedience. They had not gone far before the clown saw an apple lie upon the ground. "O, for this one, he said, one can never make any difference." The poor beast was unable to reply; but his strength was exhausted, he sunk, and died under his burden.

Now, the moral is this. The peasant is the prince, and the ass is the people; but they must be a very *pacific*, ass-like people indeed, who will suffer themselves to be crushed to death; if they have any spirit, they will die first.

to them how fast the scum of the earth disappeared, for so they called the labouring part of the nation. "How was it possible that they could willingly turn their eyes from a murderous abuse, and one that was so fatal to society? What! could they publicly sell poison in your city, and the magistrate give himself no concern about it? O barbarous people! Among us, the crime of the cheating adulterator is capital; the poisoner would be put to death; but we have swept away those vile tax-gatherers, who corrupted every commodity they touched. Our wines arrive in the public market as nature has formed them, and the citizen of Paris, rich or poor, drinks, in a salutary liquor, a health to his king, to the king that he loves, and by whom he is both loved and esteemed."—And the bread, is that dear?—"It is constantly at the same price (*a*); for we have wisely established public granaries, always full of

(*a*) The best method to diminish the vices of a people is to render them easy and content. Necessity begets three fourths of their crimes. The people, among whom reigns plenty, are not pestered with thieves or murderers. The first maxim that a king should learn is, that the good manners of a people depend upon a competency of provisions.

CORN,

corn, in case of necessity ; and which we do not imprudently sell to strangers, to buy it again twice as dear three months after. They have balanced the interest of the grower and the consumer, and both have therein found their account. Exportation is not forbid, as it is highly useful ; but is confined to judicious bounds. A man of ability and integrity watches over this equilibrium, and shuts the ports, when it inclines too much to one side (*a*). Besides, canals are now cut through the kingdom ; we have joined the Saon to the Moselle and the Loire, and have thus formed a new junction between the two seas infinitely more useful than the ancient. Commerce spreads its treasures

(*a*) We make the finest speculations in the world ; we calculate, we write, we are immersed in political ideas, and never were errors so multiplied. Common sense would certainly set these matters in a much clearer light. We are become barbarians and sceptics, with the pretended balance of reason in our hands. Let us again become men. It is the heart, and not the head, that forms great and generous actions. Henry IV. was the best of kings, not because he had more extensive views than others, but because, being sincerely the friend of man, his heart dictated those measures that secured their happiness. What an unhappy age is that, when they only reason about it.

from Amsterdam to Nantes, and from Rouen to Marfeilles ; we have formed a canal in Provence, which was wanted by that fine country, favoured by the most benign regards of the sun. In vain, did a zealous citizen offer you his discoveries and his labour ; while you maintained a number of trifling workmen at a great expence, you suffered that great man to attend for twenty years in a forced inactivity. In a word, our lands are so well cultivated, the rank of a husbandman is become so reputable, and such order and liberty reign throughout the country, that if any man in power should abuse it, by committing a monopoly, justice, who lifts her balance over the palace of the king, would immediately bridle his temerity. Justice is no longer an empty name, as it was in your age ; her sword descends on every guilty head ; and examples of this sort should be calculated more to intimidate the great than the common people, as they are a hundred times more disposed to fraud, to rapine, and oppression of every kind.”—Inform me more particularly, I entreat you, of this important matter. It seems you have adopted the prudent method of magazining your corn ; that is wisely done ; you
are

are thereby sure to prevent a public calamity. My age committed grievous errors in this matter; they were skilful in calculations; but they never made allowance for the horrid quantity of abuses. Writers, who had good designs, supposed a just regulation, because with that all things run on perfectly easy. O, how they argued about the famous law of exportation (a)!
and

(a) This famous law, which was to have been the signal of public felicity, has been the signal of famine. It has destroyed the good effects of the most fruitful harvests; it has devoured the poor at the door of the granaries that cracked with the weight of corn. A mortal scourge, unknown to the nation, has rendered its own soil a stranger, and has displayed the most horrid depravation of humanity; man has shown himself the most cruel enemy to man. Terrible example, and as dangerous as the scourge itself! In a word, the law has consecrated private inhumanity. I am very ready to suppose great benevolence in those writers, who have been the supporters of this law; perhaps, it may one day do good; but it must be eternally reproached with having caused, though undesignedly, the death of thousands of men, and the miseries of those that death has spared. They were too precipitate; they foresaw all, except the avarice of man, so strongly excited by that dangerous allurements. It is a syphon (as M. Linguet has emphatically expressed it) that has been put into the hands of commerce, and by which it has sucked out the substance of the people. The public clamour should take place of the

and while they were busied in their fine disputations, how the people suffered by famine!

“ Thank

public gazettes. We have heard the cries of grief ; therefore the institution is bad. That the evil proceeds from a local cause is no argument ; it should be foreseen and prevented ; it should be remembered, that an article of the utmost necessity ought not to be abandoned to fortuitous events ; that so great a novelty, in so vast a kingdom, would give it a shock that would certainly oppress the weakest part. The oeconomists, however, promised themselves the contrary. They must avow, that they have been misled, even by a desire to serve the public ; that they had not sufficiently matured their project ; that they had considered it separately only, whereas, in the political oeconomy all things are connected. It is not sufficient to be calculators ; they should be statesmen ; they should consider what will be destroyed or altered by the passions, and what effect the weight of the rich will have on the poor. They have considered the object from three points of view only, and have omitted that which was of the utmost importance, that which related to the labouring part of the people, and who compose three fourths of the nation. The price of their daily labour is not increased, and the avarice of the farmers-general holds them in a still greater dependence ; they are not able to appease the cries of their children by redoubling their labours. The dearness of bread has been the thermometer of other provisions, and each private person has found himself less rich by one half. This law, therefore, has only served as a screen to encrease legally the most horrid monopolies ;

“Thank Providence, who has watched over this kingdom, or you would have fed on the grass of the field ; but it had pity on you, and pardoned you, because you knew not what you did. How prolific is error !

“ THERE is one profession, which is common to almost all the inhabitants, which is that of agriculture, taken in its fullest extent. The women, as weak, are destined to cares purely domestic, never laboured the land ; their hands prepared the wool, the flax, &c. Man would blush to load them with any laborious employ.

“ THREE things are held in peculiar honour among us ; to be the father of a child, to cultivate a field, and to build a house. The culture of the land is also moderate ; the husbandman does not toil from early dawn till after sun-

it has been turned against the nation whom it was to have made flourish. Sigh, writers ! and though you have followed the generous motions of a heart truly patriotic, learn how dangerous it is not to know your age and mankind, and to give them a wholesome gift which they may turn into a poison. It remains for you now to comfort the sick, to point out their remedy, and, if it be possible, to save them from destruction. *Hic labor, hoc opus.*

set,

set, bear all the heat of the day, and exhausted sink, imploring in vain a small portion of what springs from the labour of his hands. Can there be a destiny more distressful, more horrid, than that of the poor peasant, who finds his labours continually increasing, and fills with groans the short space of his days? What slavery is not preferable to the eternal struggle against those vile tyrants who continually pillage their huts, by imposing taxes on extreme indigence? The excess of contempt, with which they are treated, makes them insensible even to despair; and, in his deplorable condition, the oppressed, degraded villager, while he plows the heavy land, bows down his head, and finds no difference between himself and his ox.

“ Our fertile plains resound with songs of joy; the father of each family sets the example: the task is easy; and when it is done, joy begins; the intervals of repose render their labour more vigorous; and it is constantly attended by sports or rural dances. Formerly, they went to the towns in search of pleasure; now they find it in the villages, where each one bears a smiling visage. Labour has no longer

longer an ugly and forbidding aspect, as it no longer resembles slavery ; a gentle voice invites them to their duty, and all becomes easy, and even agreeable. In short, as we have not that number of idle subjects, which, like stagnating humours, impedes the circulation of the body politic, each individual has time for pleasing amusement, and no one rank is crushed to support another.

“ You will easily conceive, therefore, that having no monks, nor priests, nor numerous domestics, nor useless valets, nor workmen employed in childish luxuries, a few hours of labour are sufficient for the public wants. Our lands produce plenteous crops of every kind ; what is superfluous we send to foreigners, and receive in return other commodities.

“ You will find our markets abundant in all things necessary to life ; pulse, fruits, fowls, fish, &c. The rich do not, by their extravagance, oppress the poor ; far from us is the fear of not having a sufficiency ; we never practice the insatiable avidity of procuring three times more than we can consume ; we regard dissipation with horror.

“ If

“ IF nature, during one year, treats us with rigour, the scarcity does not cost the lives of thousands; the granaries are opened, and the wise precautions of man, softens the inclemency of the air and the wrath of heaven. A food that is meagre, dry, badly prepared, and of unwholesome juices, does not enter the stomach of the man accustomed to hard labour; the rich do not separate the finest flour, and leave to others the bran only; such an outrage would be regarded as a shameful crime; if we should know that a single man languished for want, we should all regard ourselves as culpable; every man would lament his crime with tears.

“ THE poorest subject, therefore, is free from all apprehensions of want; famine, like a threatening spectre, does not call the labourer from his straw, while he is drowning his griefs for a few minutes in sleep. He rises without sorrowfully regarding the dawning day. When he would appease the sensations of hunger, he is not fearful of conveying, with his food, poison into his veins.

“ THEY who are in possession of riches employ them in making new and useful experiments;

ments; such as serve more clearly to investigate a science, or carry an art toward perfection; they erect majestic edifices; they are distinguished by honourable enterprizes; their fortune does not flow into the lap of a foul concubine, or upon an iniquitious table, where roll three dice; their wealth takes a form, a consistence that is respectable in the pleased eyes of the citizens. The darts of envy, therefore, never attack their possessions; we bless those generous hands, which, as depositaries of the gifts of Providence, have fulfilled its views, by erecting such useful monuments.

“ BUT when we consider the wealthy of your age, the scavengers carts, I think, did not contain matter more vile than their souls; gold in their hands, baseness in their hearts, they formed a kind of conspiracy against the poor; they rioted in the labour, the care, and pains of a numerous, unfortunate people; they regarded with unconcern the sweat of their brows, and those terrors that made them see an old age abandoned to want; their violence became justice; the laws were only exerted to sanctify their robberies. As a fire destroys all that is
near

near it, so they destroyed all that joined to their lands; and if they were robbed but of an apple, they raised incessant clamours, and death alone could expiate so enormous a crime.”—What could I reply? I held down my head; and falling into a profound reverie, I walked concentrated in my thoughts.—“ You will have other subjects for reflection,” said my guide; “ remark (as your eyes are fixed on the ground) that the blood of animals does not flow in the streets and awake the idea of carnage; the air is freed from that cadaverous scent, which engendered so many diseases. A clean appearance is the most certain sign of public order and harmony; it reigns in every part. From a salutary, and I will venture to say, moral precaution, we have established slaughter-houses out of the town. If nature has condemned us to eat the flesh of animals, we should at least spare ourselves the sight of their death. The trade of a butcher is followed by foreigners driven from their country; they are protected by the law; but we do not rank them in the class of citizens; no one of us exercises that sanguinary and cruel art; we are fearful lest it should insensibly accustom our brethren to lose the natural

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ral impression of pity, which, you know, is the most amiable and most worthy present nature has given us (a)."

(a) The Banians eat nothing that has had life ; they are even fearful of killing the least insect ; they throw rice and beans into the river, and grain upon the earth, for the nourishment of the fish and birds. When they meet a hunter or fisher, they pray him earnestly to desist from his enterprize ; and if he be deaf to their prayers, they offer him money for his gun or nets ; and if that won't do, they trouble the waters, and cry with all their strength to drive away the birds. *History of Voyages.*

C H A P. XXIV.

The Prince a Publican.

“**Y**OU are desirous to dine,” said my guide ; “ for the walk has procured you an appetite. Very well ; let us enter this public house.”—I stopped short. You do not observe, I said, this is some nobleman’s gate ; there are his arms ; it is a prince that lives here.—“ Ay, certainly, he is a prince ; for he always keeps three open tables ; one for himself and his family, another for strangers, and a third for the necessitous.”—Are there many such tables kept in town.—“ Yes, by all the princes.”—You must then have a great number of idle parasites.—“ Not at all ; for when any one makes a practice of it, and is not a stranger, he is marked ; the censors of the city inquire into his abilities, and assign him an employment ; or if he be found fit for nothing but to eat, he is banished the city, as in the republic of bees, they drive all those from the hive who are only able to consume the common stock.”—You have then censors?—“ Yes ; or they rather merit

merit another name ; they are monitors that bear about the torch of reason, and cure indocile or rebellious spirits, by employing sometimes the eloquence of the heart, and sometimes gentleness and address.

“ THESE tables are intended for the aged, the sick, teeming women, orphans, and strangers. Every one sits down without shame, and without hesitation ; they there find a wholesome, light, and plentiful repast. This prince, who respects humanity, does not display a luxury as offensive as it is fastuous ; he does not employ three hundred men in providing a dinner for twelve persons ; his table does not represent the decorations of an opera ; he does not glory in what is a real disgrace, in a senseless, monstrous profusion (*a*) ; when he dines, it is sufficient that he has an appetite ; he thinks, it would be to make a god of himself, to have a

(*a*) When we see the print of Gargantua, that has a mouth as large as an oven, and swallows at one meal twelve hundred pounds of bread, twenty oxen, a hundred sheep, six hundred fowls, fifteen hundred hares, two thousand quails, a thousand barrels of wine, six thousand peaches, &c. &c. &c. who does not say, “ That is the mouth of a king ? ”

hun.

hundred dishes served up to him, which, like the ancient idols he could not taste."

WHILE we were conversing, we crossed two courts, and entered a very long hall, which was that for strangers. One table, already served in several places, ran the whole length of the hall. They honoured my great age with an armed chair; they gave us a nourishing soup, some pulse, a few wild fowl, and some fruit, all plainly dressed (a).

THIS, I said, is admirable. O, how excellently are riches employed, when they feed the hungry! I find this way of thinking far more noble, and more worthy of their rank. . . . All passed with the greatest order; a decent and animated conversation gave an additional pleasure to this public table. The prince appeared; he gave his orders on one side and the other, in a noble and affable manner; he came smiling to

(a) I have seen a king, entering the hotel of a prince, through a large court filled with wretches, who cried, with a languishing voice, "Give us some bread!" and after hearing their cries, without making any reply, the king and the prince have sat down to a dinner that cost near a million of livres.

me,

me, and inquired about the age I lived in ; he conjured me to be sincere. Alas ! I said, your distant ancestors were not so generous as you are ; they passed their days in hunting (a) and at table ; if they killed hares, it was from idleness, and not to feed those who had fed them ; they never raised their minds to any great and useful work ; they expended millions in dogs and valets, in horses and flatterers. In a word, they

(a) The chase should be regarded as an ignoble, wretched diversion ; we should never kill any animals but from necessity ; and of all employments, it is surely the most ungrateful. I always read with a repeated attention what Montaigne, Rousseau, and other philosophers have wrote on the chase. I love those good Indians who respect even the blood of animals. The natural dispositions of men are painted in the sort of pleasures they pursue ; and what a wretched pleasure to bring down a bloody partridge from the air ! to massacre a number of hares under their feet ! to follow twenty howling dogs, and see them tear a poor animal ! He is weak, he is innocent, he is timidity itself ; a free inhabitant of the forest, he falls into the cruel jaws of his enemies, while man pursues, and pierces his heart with a javelin ; the barbarian smiles to see his beautiful sides besmeared with blood, and the fruitless tears stream from his eyes. A diversion like this must take its source from a heart naturally insensible ; and the character of a hunter is that of an indifference prompt to change into cruelty.

followed the trade of courtiers; they abandoned the cause of their country.

EVERY one lifted up his hands in amazement : I had the greatest difficulty to make them believe it.—“ History,” they said, “ does not tell us this ; on the contrary——” Ah ! I replied, the historians were still more criminal than the princes.

CHAP.

C H A P. XXV.

T H E T H E A T R E.

AFTER dinner, they proposed going to the play. I always loved the theatre, and shall love it a thousand years hence, if I should live so long. My heart bounded with joy. What play is it? Which of all your dramas is reckoned the master-piece by the people? Shall I see the Persian, Grecian, Roman, or French dress? Will they dethrone some stupid tyrant, or stab some weak unguarded wretch? Shall I see a conspiracy, or some ghost ascend from the tomb at the sound of thunder? But, gentlemen, have you any good actors? they have been at all times as scarce as great poets.—“ Why, yes, they take pains; they study; they suffer themselves to be instructed by the best authors, that they may not wretchedly murder the sense; they are docile, though less illiterate than those of your day. You could scarce, they say, produce one tolerable actor or actress; the rest were all worthy

of the booths on the Boulevards (a). You had a small miserable theatre in a city that rivalled Rome and Athens; and that theatre was miserably governed. The comedian, to whom a fortune was given that he was far from meriting, had the insolent pride to harrafs the man of genius, who found himself obliged to resign to him his long-laboured piece (b). These men did not blush to refuse, or play with regret, the best dramas, while those they re-

(a) *The Boulevards are a part of the ancient ramparts of Paris, which in the summer months are lined with a great number of coffee and music houses, puppet shows, conjurers, wild beasts, rope-dancers, and every other kind of low diversion.*

(b) In France, the government is monarchical and the theatre republican †. By their present manner of proceeding, the dramatic art will not be soon brought to perfection. I will venture to affirm, that every piece of any excellence will be proscribed by the government. Authors write tragedies on antique subjects; we must have romances, and not representations capable of affecting and instructing the nation; lull us with some old story of a cock and a bull; but do not describe modern events, and least of all such men as now exist.

† *There are no managers, or at least separate proprietors, at either of the theatres of Paris. The whole company make one body, and divide the profits among them.*

ceived

ceived with rapture bore, by that very testimony, the marks of sudden reprobation. To conclude, our actors do not interest the public with the quarrels of their dirty, miserable barn.

“ WE have four theatres, in the middle of the four quarters of the city. They are supported by the government ; for they are made public schools of taste and morality. We have discovered all that influence which the ascendancy of genius has over sensible minds (a).

Genius

(a) At the fair, and on the ramparts, they give the people pieces that are gross, ridiculous, and obscene, when it were so easy to give them such as are elegant, pleasing, instructive, and adapted to their capacities ; but it is of little concern to those that govern, whether the body be poisoned at the public house, by adulterated wine poured into pewter vessels, or the mind corrupted at the fair by wretched farces. If the lessons for theft that are given by the buffoon Nicolet, and which are regarded as strokes of wit, are followed, a gibbet is presently erected. There is even a sentence of the police that expressly condemns the people to see licentious exhibitions, and that forbids the players of the Boulevards to perform any thing that is rational, and that out of regard to the respectable privileges of the king's comedians. It is in a polite age ; it was in the year 1767, that this sentence was published. With what con-

Genius has produced the most wonderful effects, without labour and without violence. It is in the hands of the great poets that are deposited, so to say, the hearts of their fellow-citizens, and which they modify after their own pleasure. How criminal are they, when they produce dangerous principles! but how short is our most lively acknowledgment, when they combat vice and support humanity! Our dramatic authors have no other view than the improvement of human nature; they all strive to elevate and strengthen the mind, and to render it independent and virtuous. The good citizens shew themselves ready and assiduous in promoting those chef-d'oeuvres that affect, interest, and endow the heart with that salutary emotion that disposes it to compassion; the characteristic of true greatness (a)."

“ WE

tempt do they treat the poor people! How is their instruction neglected, as if there were reason to fear their acquiring any just lights! It is true, that, in return, they cull, with the greatest nicety, the verses that are to be pronounced on the French theatre.

(a) What force, what effect, what certain triumph, would not our theatre have, if government, instead of regarding it as an asylum for idlers, would consider it as the school

“WE arrived at a spacious place, in the midst of which was situate an edifice of a majestic composition. On the top of the front were placed several allegorical figures. On the right was Thalia, plucking off the mask with which vice had covered her visage, and with her finger pointing to her deformity. On the left, Melpomene, armed with a poignard, opened the breast of a tyrant, and exposed to every eye the serpents that devoured his heart.

THE inside of the theatre formed an advanced semicircle; so that the spectators were all commodiously distributed. Every one was seated; and when I recollected the fatigue I had for-

school of virtue and of the duties of a citizen! But what have men of the greatest genius amongst us done? They have taken their subjects from the Greeks, the Romans, Persians, &c. they have presented us with foreign, or rather facititious manners. Harmonious poets, but faithless painters, they have drawn ideal pictures; with their heroes, their tumid verses, their monotony of passions, and their five acts, they have depraved the dramatic art; which is nothing more than a simple, faithful, animated painting of the manners of our cotemporaries.

merly suffered to see a play, I found this people more prudent, more attentive to the convenience of their fellow-citizens; they had not the insolent avidity to cram in more persons than the house would conveniently hold; there were some places always left empty for strangers; the company was brilliant; the ladies were elegantly dressed, and decently disposed.

THE performance opened with a symphony adapted to the piece that was to be represented. Are we at the opera? I exclaimed; this music is sublime.—“ We have found the mean of uniting, without confusion, the two exhibitions in one, or rather of reviving the alliance of poetry and music that was formed by the ancients. During the interacts of our dramas, they entertain the audience with animated songs, that paint the sentiments, and dispose the mind for the enjoyment of what is going to be offered. Far from us is banished all effeminate, capricious, or noisy music, that speaks not to the heart. Your opera was a grotesque, monstrous composition. We have reserved all of it that was good. In your own time, it was far

far from being secure from the just reproach of men of sense and taste (a) ; but now”

As he said these words, the curtain rose. The scene was at Toulouse ; I saw its capitol, its magistrates, the judges, the executioner, and the fanatic people. The family of the unfortunate Calas appeared, and drew tears from my eyes. The old man came forward with his hoary locks, his tranquil firmness, his gentle heroism : I saw the fatal destiny mark his innocent head with all the appearance of criminality. What most affected me was the truth that ran through this drama. They had been very cautious not to disfigure this pathetic subject by improbabilities, or by the monotony of our rhiming verses ; the poet, in following the steps of this cruel event, had attached himself to those incidents only which the deplorable situation of each victim produced, or rather he had borrowed their language ; for all the art consists in faithfully repeating the voice of nature. At the end of the tragedy, they pointed me out :

(a) The opera cannot but be very dangerous ; but there is no spectacle so expensive to government : it is even the only one about which it is interested,

“ There is the man,” they said, “ who was cotemporary to that unhappy age ; he heard the cries of the unbridled populace, excited by this David ! He was a witness to the fury of that absurd fanaticism !”—I wrapped myself up in my cloak ; I hid my face, while I blushed for the age in which I was born. They gave out, for the next day, the tragedy of Cromwell, or the Death of Charles I. (a) and all the people appeared highly pleased. “ That piece,” they said, “ was a chef-d’oeuvre ; the cause of kings and of the people, had never been represented with that force, that eloquence, and truth. Cromwell was an avenger, a hero worthy of the sceptre he caused to fall from the hand of one that was perfidious and criminal towards to the state. Kings,” said they, “ whose hearts are disposed to injustice, can never read that drama without blanching their haughty fronts.”

THEY announced for the second piece, The Hunting-Match of Henry IV. His name is

(a) On what are you dreaming, tragedians ? While such a subject offers itself, you tell us about Persians and Greeks ; you give us romances in rhyme ; ah ! give us Cromwell.

constantly adored ; future good kings have not been able to efface his memory. This piece does not show that the man disfigures the hero. The conqueror of the league never appeared to me so great as at that instant, when, to save trouble to his hosts, his victorious arm bore a pile of dishes. The people clapped their hands with transport; and by applauding the great and beneficent mind of that monarch, they heaped commendations on their own king.

I CAME away highly satisfied. These actors, I said to my guide, are excellent; they have souls, they feel, they express; they have nothing constrained, affected, gigantic, or outré; even the very assistants perform their parts: in fact, that is extraordinary.—“It is,” he replied, “on the theatre as in common life; every one places his glory in acting well his part, which, how low soever it may be, becomes honourable to him who therein excels. Declamation is regarded as an estimable and important art by our government. Heirs of your capital works, we perform them with a perfection that would astonish you; we know how do honour to that which genius has traced. O, what art is more

pleasing than that which paints all the combinations of sentiments by the looks, the voice, and the gesture ! What an harmonious and affecting whole ! and what energy does it borrow from simplicity !"—You have then divested yourselves of great prejudices ? I doubt whether you regard the profession of a comedian as base.—“ It has ceased to be so, since they have been men of principle. There are prejudices that are dangerous, and others that are useful. In your time, it was doubtless proper to bridle that seducing and dangerous disposition, that led youth to a profession, of which licentiousness was the basis. But all is changed ; wise regulations, by making the players forget themselves, has enabled them to recover the path to honour ; they are entered into the class of citizens. But lately our prelate besought the king to give the embroidered hat to a comedian by whom he had been remarkably affected.”——How ! does your good prelate go to the play ? —“ Why not, since the theatre is become the school of manners, of virtue, and sentiment ? They write, that the father of the Christians amused himself highly, in the temple of God, with listening to the equivocal voices of mutilated wretches ;

wretches ; we never hear such deplorable accents ; they must afflict at once the ear and the heart. How was it possible for men to listen to such cruel music ? It is far more eligible, I think, to see the admirable tragedy of Mahomet performed, where the heart of an ambitious villain is laid bare, where the furies of fanaticism are so energetically expressed, as to make uninstructed souls that have any disposition to it, tremble.

“ THERE goes the pastor of this quarter, who, as he returns, is reasoning with his children on the tragedy of Calas. He enlightens their understanding and forms their taste ; he abhors fanaticism ; and when he thinks on that foul rage, which, like an epidemic distemper, desolated one half of Europe for twelve centuries, he thanks heaven for having arrived so late in the world. At certain times of the year, we enjoy a pleasure, which to you was absolutely unknown ; we have revived the pantomime art, so pleasing to the ancients. How many organs has nature given to man ! and how many resources has that intelligent being to express the almost infinite number of his sensations ! All

is countenance with these eloquent men ; they talk as clearly to us with their fingers as you can with your tongue. Hippocrates formerly said, that the pulse discovered a ruling Deity. Our expert pantomimes shew what magnificence Providence has used in forming the human head.”—O, I have nothing to say ; all is perfection !—“ How is that ? Much yet remains to be done ere we attain perfection. We are freed from that barbarism in which you was plunged ; some heads were soon enlightened ; but the nation in general was inconsequent and puerile ; it is by degrees that minds are formed ; more remains to be done than we have yet accomplished ; we are scarce yet half-way up the ladder ; patience and resignation produce all things ; but much I fear, that absolute good is not of this world. It is, however, by constantly pursuing it, I imagine, that we are enabled to render matters, at least, tolerable.”

C H A P. XXVI.

T H E L A M P S.

WE came out of the theatre without trouble or confusion; the passages were numerous and convenient. I beheld the streets perfectly light; the lamps were placed against the walls; and their united lustre left no shade; nor did they cast a reverberated glare that was dangerous to the sight; the opticians did not promote the interest of the oculists. I saw not at any corner those prostitutes, who, with their feet in the kennel, their painted faces, and looks as bold as their gestures, invited the passenger, in a brutal stile, to an entertainment as insipid as gross. All those places of debauchery, where men went to degrade their nature, and to make themselves contemptible in their own eyes, were no longer tolerated; for every vicious institution has its fellow; they are all connected; unhappily for man, there is no truth better proved than this that is so fatal (b).

I OB-

(a) It is a great misfortune to any city to be pestered with

I OBSERVED that there were guards who preserved the public security, and prevented any one from disturbing the hours of repose.—“ You there see,” said my guide, “ the only sort of foldiers for which we have any occasion ; we have no devouring army to maintain in time of peace. Those mastiffs, which we formerly nourished, that they might, when commanded, fly upon the stranger, were well nigh devouring the children of the house ; but the torch of war, once extinguished, will never more be relumined ; the sovereigns of the earth have deigned to hear the voice of philosophy (a) ;

con-

with a number of prostitutes ; the youth exhaust their strength, or perish in a base and criminal debauchery ; or when totally enervated, they marry, and suffer their young deluded wives to languish by their sides ; as Colardeau says, “ They resemble those mournful lights that burn by the dead, but are unable to warm their ashes.”

*Semblables a ces flambeaux, a ces lugubres feux,
Qui brulent près des morts, sans ecchauffer leur cendre.*

(a) Charles XII. was in the hands of a governor void of ability ; he mounts the throne, at an age when we are full of sensations, and those that make the first impressions appear immutable truths ; every idea seems good, because we know not which to prefer. In this pernicious state of activity

connected by the strongest bands, by those of interest, which they have discovered after so many ages of error ; reason has taken possession of their minds ; they have attentively considered that duty which the health and tranquility of their people imposes on them ; they place their

activity and ignorance, he reads Quintus Curtius ; he there sees the character of a conquering monarch pompously described and proposed as a model, which he adopts ; he no longer finds any thing but war that can make a prince illustrious ; he arms ; he advances ; some success confirms him in his flattering passion ; he lays waste countries, destroys cities, ravages provinces and states, breaks down thrones ; he immortalizes his folly and his vanity. Suppose that he had been taught in early youth, that a king should aim at nothing but the peace and prosperity of his subjects ; that his true glory consists in their love ; that a peaceful heroism, which supports the laws and the arts, far outweighs a warlike heroism ; suppose, in short, that they had given him just ideas of that tacit covenant which a people necessarily make with their king ; that they had pointed out to him the conquerors blasted by the tears of their cotemporaries, and by the hatred of posterity : his innate love of glory would have been carried toward useful objects ; he would have employed his abilities in polishing his people and establishing their happiness ; he would not have ravaged Poland, but have governed Sweden. Thus, one false idea, taking possession of the mind of a monarch, carries him away from his true interest, and is the cause of misery to millions of people.

glory

glory in good government, preferring the pleasure of making a small number happy to the frantic ambition of ruling over countries desolated, or filled with ulcerated hearts, to whom the power of a conqueror must forever be odious. These kings, by common consent, have fixed bounds to their dominions, and such as nature itself seems to have assigned, in separating them by seas, by forests, or mountains; they have learned that a kingdom of but small extent is susceptible of the best form of government. The sages of each nation dictated the general treaty, and it was confirmed by an unanimous voice; that which an age of iron and dirt, that which a man without virtue called the dream of a pedant, has been realised among the most enlightened and discerning of mankind. Those ancient prejudices, not less dangerous, that divided men on account of their belief, are also abolished. We regard all men as our friends and brethren. The Indian and the Chinese are our countrymen, when they once set foot on our land. We teach our children to regard all mankind as composing one and the same family, assembled under the eye of one common father. This manner of thinking

ing must be the best, because it has prevailed with inconceivable rapidity. Excellent works, wrote by men of sublime genius, have served as so many torches to illumine a thousand others. Men, by increasing their knowledge, have learned to love and esteem each other. The English, as our nearest neighbours, are become our intimate allies; two generous people no longer hate each other by foolishly espousing the private animosities of their rulers. Our learning and arts unite us in a communication equally advantageous. The English, for example, full of reflection, have improved the French, who abound in levity; and we Frenchmen have dissipated surprisingly the melancholy humour of the English; thus the mutual exchange has produced a fruitful source of conveniences, of pleasures, and of new ideas, happily received and adopted. It is printing (a) that,
by

(a) It has another excellence; it is the formidable bridle to arbitrary power, by making public its least encroachments, by suffering nothing to be concealed, and by eternizing the vices and even the weakness of kings. One remarkable act of injustice is by this mean echoed through all the nations of the earth, and rouses every free and sensible mind. The friend to virtue will cherish this art;
but

by enlightening mankind, has produced this grand revolution."

I SPRUNG with joy to embrace the man who told me these gladsome tidings. O heaven! I cried with transport, then mankind are at last become worthy of thy regard; they have discovered that their real strength is in their union. I shall die content, since my eyes now behold what they have so ardently desired. How sweet it is, when we abandon life, to be surrounded by happy mortals, that meet each other like brothers, who, after a long voyage, are going to rejoin the author of their days!

but the bad man must tremble, when he sees the press ready to publish his iniquities to all ages and all nations.

CHAP.

C H A P. XXVII.

T H E F U N E R A L.

I Saw a carriage covered with white cloth, preceded by instruments of music, and crowned with triumphant palms. It was conducted by men cloathed in light blue, with laurels in their hands.—What carriage is that? I said.—“It is the chariot of victory,” they replied. “They that have quitted this life; that have triumphed over human miseries, those happy men that have rejoined the supreme Being, the source of all good, are regarded as conquerors; we hold them as sacred; we bear their bodies with respect to the place that is to be their eternal residence. We sing the hymn on the contempt of death. Instead of those grim skulls that crowned your tombs, you will here see heads with a smiling air; it is with that aspect we regard death. No one weeps over the insensible ashes. We weep for ourselves; not for them. We constantly adore the hand of Providence, that has taken
them

them from the world. As we must submit to the irrevocable law of nature, why should we not freely embrace that peaceful state, which cannot but improve our being (a) ?

THIS corpse is going to be reduced to ashes at three miles from the city: furnaces constantly burning for that purpose, consume our mortal remains. Two dukes and a prince are enclosed in that chariot with a common citizen. By death all are levelled ; and we then restore that equality which nature has observed among her children. This wise custom diminishes, in the minds of the people, the dread of death, at the same time that it humbles the pride of the great. They then are only great in proportion to their virtue ; the rest, dignities, riches, honours, are all effaced. The corruptible matter that composed their bodies is not them ; it goes to be mixt with the ashes of their equals ; we annex no other idea to the perishable carcase.

(a) He that is in great fear of death, if he be not of a constitution remarkably timorous, is certainly a bad man.

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WE erect no pompous tombs, decorated with false, tumid, and puerile epithaphs (a). Our kings, after their decease, do not fill their spacious palaces with an imaginary terror; they are no more flattered at their deaths than during their lives. When they leave the earth, their icy hands do not snatch from us a part of your subsistence; they die without involving a city in ruin (b).

(a) O, death, I bless thy power! It is thou that fells the tyrants of the earth; that bridles cruelty and ambition; it is thou that layest in the dust those that the world had flattered, and that treated mankind with contempt; they fall, and we breathe. Without thee our miseries would be eternal. O, death! Who holdest in awe the inexorable and the triumphant, who piercest the guilty souls with terror; thou hope of the unfortunate; at length extend thy arm over the persecutors of my country. And you, devouring insects, that people the sepulchers, our friends, our avengers, come in crowds to receive the carcases of those that have fattened by their crimes.

(b) To that funeral pomp which ostentatiously conveys a king to an obscure cavern, to those mournful ceremonies, to those numerous emblems of public grief, of universal mourning, what is there wanting? One sincere tear.

To prevent all accidents, no dead body is removed till the visitor has fixed on it the seal of death. This visitor is a man of known ability, who remarks, at the same time, the age, sex, the and disease of the deceased; they print in the public papers the name of the physician by whom he was attended. If in the book of reflection, that each man, as I have said, leaves at his death, there be any thing truly great or useful, they are selected and published, and that is the only funeral oration in use amongst us.

It is a salutary belief received amongst us, that the spirit has the liberty of frequenting those places that was dear to it; that it delights in beholding those it loved; that it hangs in silence over their heads, contemplating the lively sorrow of friendship; that it does not lose that sympathy, that tenderness which formerly united it to sensible hearts; that it finds a pleasure in their presence, and in protecting them from those dangers that surround their tender frames. These benign manes correspond to your guardian angels. This opinion so pleasing and consolatory, inspires us with a
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confidence, as well in undertaking as executing, that was unknown to you ; who, far from enjoying these delightful conceptions, filled your imaginations with gloomy and frightful chimeras.

You can easily perceive with what a profound veneration such an opinion inspires a young man, who having lately lost his father, believes that he is still a witness of his most secret actions. He talks to him in solitude ; he becomes animated by that awful presence which enjoins him to virtuous actions ; and if he finds himself tempted to evil, he says, “ My father sees me ! My father hears me (a) ! ”

THE young man dries up his tears, because the horrible idea of inanity does not afflict his soul ; it seems to him that the shades of his ancestors only wait for his coming that they may advance together toward the eternal

(a) *An opinion like this should seem superfluous to him who knows, that the great Father of the universe is perpetually present to all his actions ; but, alas, the human mind seems incapable of retaining that great idea for any long time together.*

abode.

abode. And who can deny himself the hopes of an immortality ! Were it even an illusion, would it not be pleasing and awful to us ?

I think it will not be improper to add here the following reflections, as they correspond with the preceding chapter, and may serve to explain it. They are in the manner of Young, though composed in French.

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An eclipse of the Moon.

(It is a solitary that speaks.)

I inhabit a small country house, that contributes not a little to my happiness. It has two different prospects. One is extended over fertile plains, where grows that precious grain that is the nourishment of man. The other, more confined, presents the last asylum of the human race ; the term that bounds its pride ; a narrow space, where the hand of death lays up, with equal care, its peaceful victims.

THE prospect of this cemetery, far from producing gloomy ideas, the children of a vulgar terror, rouses in my mind wise and useful reflections. There I no longer hear the tumult of the town, which confounds the mind.

mind. Attended by none but august melancholy, I am filled with important objects. I look, with an eye, serene and immoveable, on that tomb where man sleeps to rise again; when he shall acknowledge the munificence of nature, and justify the Eternal Wisdom.

THE pompous glare of day to me seems dull; I wait the dawn of night, and that sweet obscurity, which lending its charms to silence, aids the soaring of sublimest thought. Then, while the bird of night, sending forth a mournful cry, beats the thick darkness with her heavy wing. I seize my lyre. All hail! majestic shades! while from my eyes you hide the transient scenes of this low world, to nobler sights exalt my soul; let me behold that radiant throne, where sits resplendent Truth!

My ear pursues the solitary bird; soon she settles on the scattered bones; and with her beating wing rolls, with a hollow sound, that scull where lately dwelt ambition, pride, and projects bold and vain. Then to some cold stone she flies, where ostentation graved those names

that time hath quite effaced ; and then to poverty's fair hillock, crowned with flowers.

DUST of proud man ! that never more shall see this earth, to empty titles dar'est thou still pretend ? O miserable pride in death's domain ! See, where the coffin, with its threefold sides, forbids the mouldering bones to mingle with their kindred dust.

APPROACH, proud mortal ! to yonder tombs direct thy sight. Say, what imports a name to that which knows no name ! A false epitaph exposes to the day that wretched praise, which were far better in oblivion's shade concealed ; even as the gaudy streamer for a moment floats, and then the vessel follows, by the waves devoured.

O ! far more happy he, that not vain pyramids hath built, but in the path of honour and of virtue constant trod. He joyful looks to heaven ; and when this fragile frame dissolves, where swarms of pains distract the immortal soul, he gladly meets that stroke, which fills the
finer

sinner with dismay. By oft reflecting on the bright example of the expiring just, we also learn to die.

He dies, the just man dies: he sees those tears that not for him, but for ourselves we shed. His brethren surround the mournful bed; Of those delightful truths they talk, with which his soul was filled, and of that Power Divine to him revealed so clear. The immortal curtain seemed to rise before his dying sight. He raised his radiant head, stretched forth his friendly hand, he smiled, and then expired.

BUT thou, vile sinner! thou who in successful villainy hast lived, far different thy end shall be, thou horrid tyrant! Then agonizing, pale, to thee shall death present a dreadful aspect; of his bitter cup shalt thou drink deep, drink in all its horrors. Thou canst not lift thy eyes to heaven, nor fix them on the earth; for well thou knowest that both renounce, that both reject thee. Expire in terrors, that thou mayst no longer live in hatred!

THAT moment dire, which turns the sinner pale, the good man placid views; to nature's fixed decrees he tranquil yields; these tombs regards as vessels formed to purge, by fire, the purer gold from every dross; the mortal frame dissolves, and to the blissful regions flies the soul refined. Then why regard with dread those cold remains that once confined the soul? They rather should remind us of its happy flight. The antique temple somewhat of its pristine majesty preserves, even when in ruins hurled.

PENETRATED with a sacred respect for the ruins of humanity, I descended to that earth strewed with the holy ashes of my brethren. The calm, the silence, the cold immobility, all said to me, *They sleep*. I advanced, I avoided treading upon the grave of a friend but just filled up; I recollected myself, that I might revere his memory; I stopped; I listened attentively, as wishing to catch some of those sounds which might chance to escape from that celestial harmony he now enjoys in the heavens. The planet of the night, in her full lustre, poured her silver beams upon the mournful scene.

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I lifted my eyes toward the firmament of heaven. They roll, those worlds innumerable, those flaming suns, so profusely spread through all the ethereal space. Then again my sight was fixed on that silent grave, where perish the eyes, the tongue, the heart of him with whom I had conversed on these sublime wonders, and who extolled the Author of these transcendent miracles.

SUDDENLY there came on an eclipse of the moon, which I had not foreseen. I was not even sensible of it till the darkness began to surround me. I could then discern a small a shining space only that the shadow hastened to cover. A profound darkness stopped my steps; I could no longer discover any object; I lost the path; I turned a hundred times; the gate seemed to shun me; the clouds gathered; the winds whistled; I heard a distant thunder; it arrived with uproar on the wings of the lightning; my mind was confounded; I shivered; I stumbled over the scattered bones; terror precipitated my steps; I came to a tomb just opened to receive the dead; I fell in; the grave received me living; I found myself buried

ried in the humid entrails of the earth; I seemed to hear the voice of all the dead that hailed my arrival; an icy trembling seized me; a cold sweat came over me; I sunk into a lethargic slumber.

WHY did I not die in that peaceful state? I was already entombed; the curtain that conceals eternity was drawn up. I do not regard this life with horror; I know how to enjoy it: I endeavour to render it useful; but all cries out from the bottom of my heart, that the future life is preferable to the present.

I RECOVERED, however, my sensations. A faint light began to brighten the starry vault; some scattering rays pierced through the clouds; by degrees they became more bright; they dispersed, and I perceived the moon half disengaged from the shadow; at length it shone with all its former lustre; that solitary planet pursued its course. My spirits returned, and I sprung from the grave. The freshness of the air, the serenity of the sky, the blushing rays of the morning, all re-animated me, and dissipated those terrors that night had produced.

I THEN

I THEN regarded with a smile, the grave that had received me into its bosom. What was there frightful in it? It was the earth from whence I sprung, and that demanded, after a time, the portion of clay it had lent me. I then saw none of those phantoms that the darkness had impressed on my credulous imagination. It is that, that alone, which produces inauspicious images. I expected, in this accident, to have known what was death. I fell into the grave with the terror of that which is, perhaps, the sole support against the troubles of this life; but there I only experienced a gentle and, in some degree, even a pleasing slumber. If this scene was terrible, it lasted but a moment; it scarce existed for me. I awaked to the brightness of a serene and pleasing day. I have banished a childish terror, and joy has taken possession of my whole heart. So after that transient sleep, which men call death, we shall awake to behold the splendor of that eternal sun, that by elucidating the immense system of beings, shall discover to us the folly of our timorous prejudices, and an inexhaustible and unknown source of felicity, whose course nothing can ever interrupt.

THERE-

THEREFORE, mortal, that thou mayst dread nothing, be virtuous ! Whilst thou passest through the short path of life, put thy heart in a condition to say to thee, " Fear nothing ; advance under the eye of a God, that is the Universal Father of mankind ; instead of regarding him with terror, adore his bounty, and rely on his clemency ; have the confidence of a son that loves, and not the terror of a slave that trembles, because he is guilty."

END OF VOL. I



